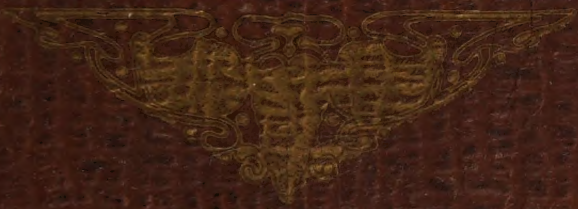
ADVENTURES of a GIPSY BOY

AND OTHER STORIES



By GIPSY SIMON SMITH

Evangelist

Printed in U. S. A. *London, Ontario, Canada*

The Adventures of a Gipsy Boy

And Other Stories

By Gipsy Simon Smith
Evangelist, Singer and Poet

PRINTED IN U. S. A

Dedicated to
My Family

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By the Author

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

Dear Reader:

Knowing that in these days of haste, the majority of people have not the time or desire to read anything too lengthy, and that young people especially care not for anything of a dry flavor, I have tried to make this series of stories interesting, amusing, instructive and inspiring, ever believing in the motto, namely, to be "brief, bright and brotherly".

Yours sincerely,

GIPSY SIMON SMITH,

London, Ontario.

GIPSY SIMON SMITH—1929

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OH FOR A GIPSY LIFE SO FREE

Oh for a gipsy life so free
Along with the sons of Romany
To take the trail of the pateran
And roam the world in a caravan
The gipsy life is the life for me
The care-free life of the Romany.

The forest glade, the campfires gleam,
The leafy shade, and the rippling stream,
The tales oft told of the days of yore
Of mystic rites and the gipsy lore
So here's for the gipsy life so free
The wandering life of a Romany.

Oh for the gipsy life so free,
With its romance and its mystery.
The sailors sing of the rolling sea
And the gorgoi speaks of liberty,
But the road and caravan for me,
The roving life of the Romany.

By GIPSY SIMON SMITH.

Romany (gipsy).
Pateran (twisted grass left as sign to follow).
Gorgoi (house dweller).

GIPSY CARAVANS

CHAPTER 1

THE ADVENTURES OF A GYPSY BOY

Not far from the city of London England is an old forest, a one-time hunting ground for kings, a favorite haunt of Robin Hood and his merry foresters, and of the bold Dick Turpin and other highwaymen. From the precincts of London to the town of Epping the forest stretches for twelve miles, and is called Epping Forest. It is unfenced, is famous for its ancient oaks and today is one of the many picnicking grounds for Londoners. Beautiful herds of deer still wander through the thickets, they and their forest home being well guarded by the rangers. Some years ago this forest was a favorite camping ground for Gipsy bands. There they would find sheltered nooks to pitch their tents and caravans during the winter season, and many a gipsy mother presented the tribe with a new baby while resting in its glades.

It is a mistake to think all gipsies are

of a dark complexion; there are the fair type, just as we find both fair and dark Jews. One of the tribes which often used the Epping forest as a camping ground was the Smith tribe. Their occupation like most of their kind was horse-dealing, basket makers and workers in tin, copper and brass. The real gipsies are very industrious—there are no drones in the hive. The women walk many miles each day peddling their wares, the children sell clothes-pins, which are made by the men. The gipsy caravan is a real house on wheels, and some of them are works of art. Beautifully carved wood work, and the stove is decorated with brass and copper. Most gipsy families have one caravan for the parents and small children, another for the girls, and the boys sleep in tents. In England some of these caravans can be seen worth as much as five hundred to one thousand dollars. Probably the first Christian gipsies ever heard of were the two brothers, Bartholomew and Cornelius Smith, who after

their conversion, although uneducated, went about doing good, and were respected by all Romanies and Gorgois alike. In that forest were born the two sons of those two brothers, namely "Gipsy" (Rodney) Smith and the author of this book, "Gipsy" Simon Smith. The families of these two Evangelists always traveled together, their fathers were inseparable, and while neither of the boys had any education to speak of, yet in a marvelous manner their names and their works are known in many lands. As this story is written especially for American readers it will be well to state here that these two evangelists are the only members of the original Gipsy Smith family who were really raised in a gipsy camp. Perhaps it will be best to have the chief character in the book relate his own story.

I am a gipsy or Romany by birth, my father and forefathers were gipsies, they knew no other mode of living. They kept to the original mode of living, for in the

early history of the world all were gipsies or wanderers. I am no more ashamed of being a gipsy than an Indian is of being an Indian, in fact I am proud of it. My father was a king among men, one to be proud of, over six feet in height, a big lovable man, my hero. I often long for him and the gipsy camp where I was raised, the forest which was my home—the donkeys, the camp fires of my people, the smokey tents and the gay colored caravans, the open road, the freedom and unrestraint of the gipsy life.

I was born on wheels and have been going ever since. My early years were spent in about the same way as that of the average gipsy boy. Uneducated, a member of a tribe of superstitious, illiterate gipsies. Through the death of an aunt, who, through having once heard somebody sing while she stood outside a church, saw "the light", and passed away in "the faith", there had been kindled in the hearts of some of my people a desire to know more, and at last my father and

his brother entered a church for the first time, and there became Christian converts.

I remember entering a house for the first time and lying upon a bedstead, and celebrated the event by falling out twice the first night. Oftentimes I heard the members of our tribe relate their experiences in the great city near which we often camped, and deep in my heart came the desire to see its wonders. I left the camp early one morning, and following the main road by procuring rides on vehicles traveling in that direction, soon reached the city of London. I was so interested in the sights, the crowds and traffic that I took no notice of the direction I traveled in, and at the close of the day, weary, hungry and wanting to go home, found that I was hopelessly lost. While crossing a busy street half asleep, I was knocked down by a horse and wagon, and when I recovered my senses a kind gentleman was holding me, and inquiring where I lived.

"What street do you live in, my boy?" said he.

"I do not live in any street," said I.

"Well, what number is the house, can you remember that?" he asked.

"I don't live in a house," I answered.

"Poor boy, his head must be hurt badly," said the kind man.

"But, sir," I said, "I don't live in a house or on a street, I am a gipsy boy, I am lost, I live in the forest, and please can you tell me how to get home?"

He then gave me a shilling, placed me on a car, paid my fare and sent me on my way rejoicing. I was lost, but he found me. How true it is that we are all lost and that the Good Shepherd is seeking us, calling us to follow Him. Sometimes to our camp would come a good woman or man and try to instruct us in good things. Thus the song which I often sing,

> Into a tent where a gipsy boy lay,
> Dying alone at the close of the day,
> News of salvation we carried, said he,
> Nobody ever has told it to me.

was written by a good woman who found a dying gipsy boy, and told him about God's love and the last words of the boy were, "Tell it again, nobody ever has told me before."

So the stories which we heard in the gipsy camp left their impression. I had a sister named Mary two years my senior. Our father had gone away for a few days and Mary and I were watching for his return. My sister had her first dolly. We left the camp and made our way to the four corners. There stood a horse and loaded wagon, and my sister, in order to obtain a better view of the road, climbed onto the wheel, the horse hearing her feet scraping the wheel, thinking he was required to go, started off, and in a moment my sister lay crushed and dying before my dazed vision.

They carried her back to the camp. I followed carrying a crushed dolly. My mother was heart-broken, but as she wept over that mangled form of her beloved, that gipsy child who had not had the ad-

vantages of some, looked up into her mother's face and her last words were, "Don't cry, mother, the Good Shepherd has come for me, He takes the lambs in His arms."

CHAPTER 2

THE MOUSE THAT WENT TO SCHOOL

None of my people in our camp could read or write. Wandering gipsies have no time for school, and in those days perhaps we were not wanted, anyway. You see the gipsies were a very misunderstood people. In the fourteenth century they were supposed to have first entered Great Britain, and many of the women folks were called witches because they foretold events. There are a great many so-called gipsies traveling in this country during the summer months who are not gipsies, but simply adopt that mode of living in order to procure a living. They look the part and dress for it, but of course the real gipsies are a distinct race of people with their own language and customs.

People who profess to tell fortunes and ask for money to do so are frauds. They are not prophets, but profits, one forthtells or foretells, the other is a dollar grabber. Elijah was a fore-teller, but he did not ask for pay. His predictions came

unbidden. They were God-inspired.

Now it happened that we settled down for a time in a place where it was possible for me to go to school. My father was a swift runner and had strained his heart, and through this weakness was unable to travel as usual. He, with his brother, who were known as the first converted Gipsy Smiths, would often speak and sing in the camps and thus helped many to live a better life. But they were handicapped severely because of their inability to read. One day my father suggested that it would be a fine thing if I could go to school and learn to read. "Then," said he, "you could read the Bible to me."

Well, I was not very enthusiastic. It meant that I must wear shoes and stockings, a hard cross for a gipsy boy. Then I noticed that the school yard was surrounded by a high iron fence with sharp spikes on top and a gate to match. This was locked after school commenced and anyone wishing to leave before dismissal could not very well do so.

THE ORIGINAL GIPSY SMITH BROTHERS
Bartholomew (standing) father of Gipsy Simon Smith.
Cornelius (seated) father of Gipsy (Rodney) Smith.
Though uneducated. they preached to large
audiences as they wandered.
Bartholomew died of heart trouble, age 48 years.
Cornelius lived till he was 94 years

So one day I journeyed towards the school, and when passing a corn and feed store noticed a man come therefrom with a box in his hand, followed by a dog which appeared to be somewhat excited. I followed the man, the box and the dog to a corner lot. He opened the box and released a number of mice. The dog snapped at one after another, and seeing one which had received a nip not quite as severe as the others, I picked it up and placed it in my pocket, then proceeded to school.

Now, by the time I sat down, that mouse had recovered, and by way of introducing myself to the boy who sat next to me, I pulled out my friend the mouse, and perhaps I placed it rather suddenly near his nose, for he gave a yell of surprise and attracted the attention of the teacher. Now, that teacher being a lady, for some reason or other did not seem to like mice. She therefore commanded me to take my lively little friend out and release him.

Well, boys, I was right glad then that I had those tokens of civilization on, called stockings, for I went around the back of that school and hid the mouse in my stocking. Returning to the room the teacher said, "Have you let him loose?"

I said, "He is loose."

Well, he was, and the trouble was I realized too late that he was too loose, for he commenced to wander around me, and must have gone on an exploring expedition. His claws tickled me. I commenced to wiggle and squirm, I do not know much of dancing but I think I should have the credit of inventing the Turkey Trot just then.

For what with that mouse tickling me and mistaking me for a race track, I simply had to laugh and dance until the teacher, in amazement, said, "Why, that new boy must be crazy." I said, "So would you be if you had a mouse where I have got this one."

Then she commissioned two or three big boys to escort me from the room and

see that I really did get rid of the mouse. But alas, the worst was yet to come. I was taken back, and while the big boys held me, the teacher, who was one of the athletic kind, beat the dust out of my wardrobe, and every time she struck she said, "Disobedience must be punished."

That was my first lesson at school. I never have forgotten it. It is so true. The first people disobeyed and were punished, disobedience separated them from God, it always does that. The child disobeys its parents, it hurts them to chastise the child, but disobedience must be punished. We disobey God. He loves us, but hates the disobedience, therefore we receive punishment. The young man who sows wild oats will not reap tame ones; if you sow thistles you will reap more thistles, if you sow flowers you will pluck bouquets, if you sow to the flesh you will of the flesh reap corruption, because it works out every time whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. Disobedi-

ence must be punished. Obedience has its reward. If we sow to the spirit we shall of the spirit reap life everlasting.

CHAPTER 3

A CHRISTMAS TREE AND DINNER SECURED BY FAITH AND WORKS

My father died when I was about eleven years of age. We were poor. Poverty is no disgrace but it very inconvenient. I have heard folks say that "Money is the root of all evil," but it is surprising how we are all grubbing after a piece of that root. Of course, they just misquoted the scripture which says "the love of money" thus if we worship it and put it before God, it is wrong. Otherwise it is a great blessing. We could not have our beautiful churches without money, or even our preachers.

I know some folks think that we can live on earth and board in heaven, but that doctrine does not fatten nor fill. My mother was a praying woman. I have often awakened at night to hear her asking God to help her. My youngest brother was a baby, he had never seen his father. My mother would often say when I appeared to be dissatisfied, "You know,

my boy, the Lord has promised to provide our bread and water." I said, "A little butter on the bread would help out." Mother was quite a wit. "It's very hard to make two ends meet," said I. "Ah, my boy," she replied, "I wouldn't care if only one end was meat."

The trouble was that both ends were bread. Christmas was approaching, everything at home looked cheerless. I could see trees decorated with toys exhibited in the homes of fortunate people, but there were no trees or toys in our house. Now I had heard of carol singers and how they received money for singing. So I determined to make my appearance before the public as a singer. Trembling, I approached a doorway one evening and sang that refrain known to most English boys,

"The roads are very muddy, my shoes are rather thin,
I have a little pocked to put a copper in,
Love and joy come to you, and to you I will sing, too,
May God bless you and send you a happy New Year."

and so I would sing until the occupants either came out and gave me a copper or helped me away from the door by various means known to crabbed persons. Some treated me kindly, while others instead of throwing bouquets, as is the custom, threw other things, often a boot with a foot in it.

Anyway, I secured enough pennies to purchase the cheap candy toys necessary to bedeck a Christmas tree. To secure the tree was a trifling matter. I found one growing in a garden. Some people might have objected to the means adopted, but I thought of my little brothers and my desire to please them overcame any doubt I may have had. The next thing was to secure a dinner for Christmas.

Now, my mother was, as I have stated, a woman of prayer, and I thought if I prayed I would get my answers just as she did. I therefore went out that morning with a bag, and as I journeyed I prayed, "God give us a Christmas din-

ner." I had no settled plan as to how I should obtain it, but if asking God and man would do anything I intended asking both. Then the unexpected happened.

A butcher's cart was whirling swiftly round a corner, a hen was crossing the road, the wheel went over her neck, she went into my bag. Thus faith and works were rewarded. We read that faith without works is dead. My mother prayed for me over twenty years that I might come to God and surrender my life to Him. She not only prayed but worked, by example and kindly counsel, until at last her faith and works were rewarded. Not only did I become a Christian, but also a preacher. He always does exceedingly more than we can ask or think.

CHAPTER 4

WITH THE WAIFS AND STRAYS IN LONDON

When my father died I promised that I would try my best to help my mother. Hearing of a man in London who would help a poor boy or girl, I found the place in Stepney Causeway called Dr. Barnardo's Home, and there told that little man with the great heart my story, "I was a gipsy boy, my father was dead, I wanted to go to Canada to work on a farm so that I could send my wages home to my mother."

"God bless you, my boy," said he, "You shall go."

So I well remember entering the receiving house in company with several other boys who had been found sleeping in boxes and tubs; "dossing out" they called it. They were ragged, dirty and half starved. Now, before asking help from Dr. Barnardo, I had been working and earning a few shilling weekly, and had saved enough out of my earnings to pur-

chase a cheap little suit. True, it had seen considerable wear, and maybe the material was somewhat shoddy, but I thought quite a bit of that suit because I had deprived myself of many little things dear to a boy, in order that I might purchase it.

Tempting though the candies looked, they could not lure me. The Italian who sold hot baked potatoes or chestnuts on wintry evenings could not count my coppers among his day's earnings. When we entered that receiving house, if I remember aright, we were all shorn very closely. No doubt some boys lost more than hair. Some of those boys like Topsy, "just grew", they were waifs. Then we were instructed to disrobe and enter a large hot bath. In most cases it was very necessary. Like the advertisement for Pear's Soap some could say, "Two years ago I used your soap; since then I've used no other."

Most of the boys merely had to cut a piece of string and they were soon unharnessed, and while they were splashing

in that bath, I stood alone. The attendant who had gone into an adjoining room was surprised to find that I had not followed the example of the rest, and asked me the reason I had not done so.

Now, those boys were dirty and ragged; I was not. I thought myself superior to them, I was proud of my suit which I had bought, though it was not new.

Said I, "Please, sir, I bought this suit, and I am not dirty. Must I put my clothes with those rags, and must I get into the bath with those boys?"

He answered, "The rules are that you must all be treated alike, we make no difference here, and if you do so you will all have a suit alike, you see I have brought some in with me, and then when you have gone through the necessary training you will all go to Canada." Well, I reluctantly disrobed and threw my respectable suit with those filthy rags, then after bathing I received a suit, and we all looked alike, and eventually we reached the promised land, Canada.

So it is with the plan of salvation. There is only one way, we must come through faith in Christ's atoning work. We may think that we are more respectable, better than some folks, but our self-righteousness is as filthy rags. We must dismount from the pedestal of pride, humble ourself, confess our sins and our need of cleansing, then we shall receive the robe of righteousness and eventually because we have obeyed and fulfilled the conditions, we shall reach the promised land.

Christ came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance, and as we read that all have sinned, and all like sheep have gone astray, and there is no difference, then it is necessary for us all to seek cleansing and pardon. The promise is "If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

CHAPTER 5

WITH STRANGERS IN A STRANGE LAND

The days when vessels were fitted with hammocks for sleeping accommodation is past. The band of young hopefuls after the usual experiences of a voyage across the Atlantic, looked forward to the promised land as the place where poverty never came, and kicks, cuffs and nights out are things of the past.

Most of the boys had no ties to bind them to the old land, but I constantly thought of my mother and brothers at home. The farm, where a situation had been secured for me, was in Ontario. The month was April when I reached my destination. I was not quite thirteen years of age. With fear and trembling I arrived at the door of my new home, at least to be for one year.

The household consisted of the farmer, his wife and sister; also a hired man. I tried to adapt myself to my surroundings; from morning till night I worked, seeking to give satisfaction, but my employer

was fiery-tempered, a user of bad language and a lover of whiskey. It is only fair for me to state that the organization does all it can to secure the right home for the boy or girl, of course, occasionally, undesirable places and people are found, but the children are moved when these are discovered. Then the institution was in its infancy; since then 30,000 young people have been sent to Canada and ninety-nine per cent have proved successful.

Oftentimes after I had worked all day in the field, my employer would come home drunk and chase me with a whip. On those occasions I would choose the barn in preference to the house to sleep in. But during the winter it was rather uncomfortable and my teeth have played "Home, Sweet Home" with variations.

The one bright spot in my life was the Sunday school to which I went every Sunday afternoon; there I learned some of the dear old hymns which I still love to sing. Sometimes after the day's toil I would go to the veranda seldom used,

and there would sing those hymns, and sometimes would be compelled to leave off rather suddenly, owing to the tears that would come unbidden.

Yes, I was terribly homseick, a stranger in a strange land, longing for a kind word from somebody. One day the farmer and his wife were away to market, when I heard a tap at the window and the farmer's sister, a lady who was suffering very much with cancer, beckoned me. I entered the house and was surprised to hear her say, "My boy, you have done a great deal of good since you have been here." I asked, "How could I do any good?" Said she, "I have heard you singing those hymns out there on the veranda, and they have brought peace and comfort into my life."

Soon after I saw them carry her remains away to the cemetery, and I felt that I had lost my only friend. Yet there came a feeling of joy to think that I had been a blessing. So we can all do something. We may not be preachers, but we

can be reachers; we may not be singers but we can be bringers. We can bring someone to Him who can comfort, cheer and save. A kind word, a smile, a tear drop, a bunch of flowers, a prayer, a word of consolation to the heart-broken and sorrowing, these can be sermons and benedictions.

My Resolve

When others smile why should not I smile, too;
If others weep my tears may help them through;
If I can help a fellow when he's down,
Am I to stand aside and risk God's frown?
Nay, I'll be ready with smiles, tears and kindly deed,
Ever ready to help the one in need,
Knowing that when my earthly task is run
The Master will reward me with "Well done".

G. S. S.

CHAPTER 6

LESSONS FROM THE SCHOOL OF EXPERIENCE

Arrangements had been made for me to go to school four months in Canada during the winter, at the same time working between school hours around the barns on the farm. Thus I was enabled to associate with other young folks and enjoy the games which they indulge in, for all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Some young people do not appreciate their privileges, and instead of taking full advantage of the blessings of an education, dodge and shirk, till some day when it is too late, they discover that they have missed a golden opportunity to fit themselves for life's great struggle.

I often regret that I did not have the opportunity to go to college. Yet there are some things which one cannot get there. And there are some things which professors cannot impart to you, and things which cannot be derived from the perusal of books, these things can only be

obtained at the school of experience. I graduated at that school, the fees are very high but one never forgets the lessons imparted there, they are not only impressed upon the memory but upon the heart, never to be erased. Said a man once to me, 'Smith, what college did you pass " Said I, "I have passed a great many, but have always been in too much hurry to stop at any of them." I have a diploma bearing the name of "The University of Hard Knocks."

The advantages of graduating from such a school is that it broadens one's sympathies, takes away the harsh condemning notes, and leaves the wooing notes of love and compassion. It helps one to weep with the mourner, and comfort the sad and the lone; it blends with pity, practice, it is a doer of the word and not merely a hearer. It reaches down to the lowest depths to lift up poor, broken, bruised humanity. It sees beyond the sin and rags a soul for which Christ died. It causes the graduate from the school of

experience to look within and makes him say, "There am I, only for the Grace of God."

When I see the hungry, I too have been there; when I see the penniless, the despairing, the one whose environment is against him, and whom heredity like a grim spectre is stalking, seeking to drag down into the abyss, I say, "Brother, do not despair, be of good cheer, I too have passed that way, and by the help of my great Elder Brother, who also was hungry, poor, despised, misunderstood, and had all things against Him, I have climbed up a few rungs from the bottom of life's ladder, and so can you."

After two years in Canada I returned to England and was employed by a horse dealer. I then decided to cross over to the United States and with my few dollars started for New York via Rotterdam, Holland. A rough voyage in the steerage is not a season of joy. I can sympathize with the fellow who said, "I don't mind the sea or the ship, but I object to so

many meals a day. I can put up with three, but not six; three down and three up." I noticed that many of those people were deeply moved on various occasions.

We eventually reached the land of liberty, and after running the gauntlet on Ellis Island I proceeded to Chicago. My banking account was four dollars, my age about seventeen. I had not been in the city an hour before some men persuaded me to transfer my four dollars to their pocket; they have such a persuasive manner, some of those "gentlemen" of Chicago, you really don't feel like refusing their requests. They do not believe in wasting time on ceremonies, like the highwaymen of old, by doffing their hats, bowing and that kind of thing; no, they go right to the point, or rather they often point a revolver.

Well, I was alone in a strange city, and it was one of those occasiosn when a boy is apt to discover that there is no place like home and that the boy's best friend is

his mother. My intentions had been to go out to work on a horse ranch, eventually I secured a situation, and after spending some time at it I became what some folks would call "a rolling stone". A lady once said to me, "My boy, a rolling stone gathers no moss." "No," said I, "but it might get polished up while it is rolling," and undoubtedly travel is a great educator, providing that the traveler uses his eyes and ears.

As I said to a stay-at-home once, "If it be true that a rolling stone gathers no moss, it is also true that a setting hen loses flesh and often gathers fleas." Ah, but some say, "It gathers chickens, too." Yes, sometimes, but I have known some to only show addled eggs for their labour.

I soon found my way to the Mexican border, and became a traveling horseman. In those days the cowboys often "lickered up" when they would take a bunch of steers into town for shipment. I remember being asked to join them in a drink of

"tanglefoot". I declined with thanks. Though I was not a Christian, I had promised my mother that I would never touch liquor. Now some of those boys were half drunk and the leader said that if I wanted to be one of them I would have to drink with them. Again I refused.

"Well," said he, "if you won't we will make you." I told him that I guessed there were enough to succeed in doing so, but said I, "You fellows know that I make no pretense at goodness (I had not been in church for years) but, boys, I have a good mother and I promised her that I would never touch liquor and that is the promise I mean to keep. Would you like me to break that promise?"

And the leader—I can see him now—how a tender look came over his face, as no doubt he thought of his own good mother somewhere, who was praying for him, he gripped my hand and said, "You don't have to drink, keep your promise to your mother." So if we stand for the

right, those whom we least expect will respect us for so doing.

In all things, my boy, have courage to stand up for the right. I regret to say that I was a heathen in many respects. In the City of Mexico, to which place I had taken a valuable consignment of horses for the Minister of Agriculture, I went with the crowd on Sunday to the bull fight. This disgusting sport is applauded by the elite, ladies being as enthusiastic as men. I saw during one afternoon, six bulls killed and they killed eleven horses, maiming the twelfth. My wanderings took me to Guatemala and thence to Honduras. At the latter place I was stricken with fever, and there in a hut of banana branches under the cocoanut trees I thought the end was near.

I thought of my praying mother and of what it would have meant to her if I had died and was buried in an unknown grave, and like others who wait until they are in distress, I cried and God heard me and delivered me. It is very hard to es-

cape the influence of a mother's prayers, and what we are and what we have achieved is often due to a good woman's saintly influence. This is one of the lessons I have learned in the school of experience.

My mother and I at her cottage home near London, England, about 1910. Susan Smith, mother of Gipsy Simon Smith, passed away 1926, aged 86 years. She was one of God's choicest saints. Through her many years of widowhood with more sorrow and hardship than that which falls to the lot of people, her faith in God was never shaken. She lived in the Divine presence. Though deaf, she never missed going to church, never hearing the preacher's voice, she heard the voice of God. She lived her religion. Thank God for such a mother.

Do Not Disappoint Your Mother

Can a mother's love be measured for her darling
girl or boy?
Tho' she may be poor and humble, how her heart
is filled with joy;
There was never such a baby, pain and anguish
are forgot,
And she soon is building castles round the in-
fant in the cot.

Do you ever think of mother in the old home
far away?
Won't you send a word of comfort? it will cheer
her heart today;
Long ago a prayer she taught you, Gentle Jesus,
meek and mild,
And tonight your mother's praying that you
may be Jesus' child.

Can the love of God be measured for the one
who's gone astray?
He who gave His Son to save you bids you come
to Him today,
Tho' temptations may beset you, by His strength
you can prevail,
For the God who watch'd o'er mother, when
you call He will not fail.

Chorus—
Do not disappoint your mother, think of all that
she has borne,
Do not disappoint your mother, for you'll miss
her when she's gone;
Cherish her while she is living, spare her need-
less pain and care,
And, when mother goes to glory, strive to meet
her over there.

CHAPTER 7

THE CALL

It is often the unexpected which happens. Moses, the adopted child of Pharaoh's daughter, is chosen as a leader to a mighty host. David, the shepherd lad, is selected as King. Levi, the publican, is called and chosen to be the writer of the first Gospel. Saul, the persecutor, is called to be the great apostle. The devil-possessed Gadarene was reformed, transformed and selected to preach the gospel before the twelve or the seventy. And so the work goes on, it seems, to please God to choose His workmen and workwomen from the unlikely places, and even the unlikely ones He selects to perform some particular work.

Thus He chooses a gipsy to go forth to preach the glorious gospel, bids him leave the roving life, and go in His name. We are all called at some time or other, either individually or collectively. While God singles out the individual and calls him to perform some task, there is that call

ever being trumpeted throughout the land, "Whosoever will may come," thus all are included.

It was while following the occupation of a cab driver in the city of Lodon, England, that I heard that great call which changed my life. I was performing my usual duties in my stable one Sunday morning, and on the morning air there was borne to me the words of an old hymn sung by a woman. I did not see the singer, and little did she know that she was preaching a mighty sermon in that song, which would change a life. "Jesus Lover of My Soul" was the hymn, and it was as a dart from the bow of the Almighty; it reached my heart.

I stopped my work, I thought, Jesus loves me, He has been good, and merciful, sheltered me from many a danger, given me health and strength, and I have never even been grateful enough to say "thank you"; never gone to His church to worship Him, never troubled to read His word, and there and then in that

stable I heard His call, "Come, follow me."

I was not disobedient unto that heavenly vision, but there I surrendered my life to God. No stirring of the emotions by sweet music or a powerful sermon, wrought the change; no, it was the direct personal work of the Holy Spirit. I had not been inside a church for years and the first thing I did was to join a church.

There are too many spiritual gipsies going about from one church to another, they have no abiding place. My advice to every believer is to join a church. At my conversion I was spiritually a dunce. All my spiritual training was derived through joining a church. I commenced to study and for the person whose early education has been neglected I would recommend the Bible, a concordance, and a dictionary. Take the greatest Teacher as your guide, for "He shall teach you all things" not forgetting to seek the aid of earthly teachers also.

Before I had been converted very long I was invited to speak at a church; there was the call. I dare not refuse, but with great fear and trembling obeyed. He who calls will always see us safely through if we are obedient. Thus Moses while he realized his weakness, obeyed the heavenly command and was successful. To those who feel called to the ministry or religious work at home or abroad be sure first of all that you are really called.

Paul said, "called to be an apostle." The Lord said, "He hath anointed me to preach the gospel." You can have this anointing, and if so you need never fear. The laying on of hands of Godly men is something to be desired, but see to it that you have that Divine anointing without which your work will be a failure, and your words but as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. It is a great thing to be an ambassador for a King, a high and noble calling. Make your calling and

election sure. And when you hear that call, be not disobedient, but let your answer be,

> "Just as I am, young, strong and free,
> To be the best that I can be
> For truth, for righteousness, for Thee,
> Lord of my life, I come."

CHAPTER 8

CAMPFIRE TALKS TO THE YOUNG AND THOSE WHO WERE YOUNG

We have heard the warbling of heaven's feathered songsters in the forest glades, and we know them by their note. As a bird is known by its note, so is a person known by his conversation. The lewd story denotes a tainted mind. The trashy song denotes flippancy, no depth, while the elevating song, sacred or secular is the thermometer by which we guage the soul's temperament and aspirations.

We generally measure a man or boy by the company he keeps. A canary seems out of place with sparrows, the latter quarrel, fight and chatter, and are unmusical. Methinks the canary, if he associated with them very long, would soil his plumage and lose his song. When I see the boy hanging around a poolroom and smoking cigarettes or playing cards I begin to think that he, like the boy in the far country in the Parable, is trying to satisfy himself with husks, and some day

he will discover, maybe too late, that his companions are unclean.

The average poolroom is the incubator which hatches gamblers, thieves and ne'er-do-wells. If I were a business man and required a young man to hold a position of trust, to handle my money, for instance, I would certainly never hire a poolroom hanger, especially a card player. For the gambler, when he loses, is liable to borrow his employer's money hoping to win, but alas, more often loses, and goes from bad to worse, until often he becomes a criminal and sometimes a suicide.

The young lady who associates with such a one is running a great risk. Many have declared that they would reform the gambler or drunkard after marriage, but alas, they found to their cost that instead of improving they became worse.

Then I would say a word of warning to the young man in another way, if you are looking for a companion, one who may become your life partner, let me tell you,

young man, that I do not think the public dance hall is a very good place to look for her. I think that a great many of the divorces are brought about through the unwillingness of young people, especially the girls, to become home folks. They have become so infatuated with the dance, the show and a life of selfish pleasure that they simply will not settle down as our mothers did to the taking care of the home. Instead of saving and purchasing the furniture for the flat or cottage before marriage, the young man throws his earnings away in frivolity. Then the girls get married as a kind of an experiment, forgetting those words which say "until death us do part".

There is no home life. Many of these butterflies know no more about cooking than a man does about dressing a baby. They are not cooks, but professional can-openers. Soon the husband is suffering from Canitus. Often there are no children to strengthen the bond. Many of the

divorces would never occur if there was a family. The modern butterfly is too selfish, too busy having a good time to waste it over a mere child. Thus she soon becomes wrinkled, sick and aged, and when it is too late, realizes that she has missed the best thing in life, and her reward is loneliness and soul-hunger which will not be appeased.

I never could understand how a woman could become stepmother to a pug-nosed dog. There are lots of orphans which, when adopted, would not cost any more than some toy dogs to keep. The folks who bequeath large sums of money for the upkeep of homes for dogs and cats would surely find that if it were invested in a home for orphans, would bring higher dividends. The world will be none the poorer for the extermination of stray cats and dogs, but it will be the poorer for race suicide, and neglect of the children.

Life is made up of three stages, hatching, matching and snatching. First, we come into the world, for which we

were not responsible. Then we are matched, or sometimes mismatched, which often we are responsible for. Then we are snatched away, sometimes before we should be, through a misspent life, sometimes in a hurry without any due warning, and death finds us unprepared.

A young fellow asked me once if he would be wise to marry before he had made good in business, would it be a handicap to him to marry before he had achieved some success in life? Said I, "With the right kind of a mate, even though you start in poverty, you should be more sure of success. For all the progress I have made or success I have attained have come since I married."

A good partner is an asset, not a hindrance. A good woman is ready to stand by your side, and climb step by step the hill of difficulty; hand in hand with you she will help you endure disappointments and failures, she will encourage you when you are about to despair and give up, and at last success will reward you. But

the fickle, flighty, pleasure-loving, selfish wife will not stand the test, when there is no money, fine dresses, cars and pleasures, she is found wanting.

Then success has spoiled many a man, and instead of being grateful to the partner who has stood faithfully by him over the rough places, and making up to her for her self-sacrifice of the past, he has sometimes forsaken her for the strange woman. His wife is looking old, her hair is grey, he forgets that this was caused through her labour of love for him.

The boy who is good to his parents, especially his mother if she be a widow, will make a good husband. The girl who is useful as well as ornamental is a jewel which any fellow might covet. We have too many good-lookers and poor cookers, too much drug-store complexion, and too little home connection, too much body showing and too little garment sewing, too many won'ts from children, and not enough don'ts from parents, too much rag-time and too little church time, too

much time to be gay and too little time to pray.

Our young people are becoming a band of jazzing, ragging, wiggling, dancing, squirming, picture fiends. The so-called modern dance with its low suggestive movements, arousing the worst passions in man, has become nauseating. The self-respecting young woman or man will no longer wish to be seen in such undesirable surroundings. The majority of fallen women and maybe fallen men can trace their downfall to the public dance hall.

I like to see a young man with lots of ambition. He who has none is stalled like an auto without gasoline, there is no progress. Let your aspirations be high and noble, don't be content to grub around the bottom of the ladder, climb up. Don't be a stick-in-the-mud. Dare to think and act for yourself, be original; people may misunderstand you, even call you crazy, but they did those before you, who have written their names on the scroll of fame.

Never be foolish enough to think that you know it all, that there is no further need for learning. Though you live to be one hundred years of age, there will be always something yet to learn. Be a good listener, and not too ready to speak. Some storekeepers display their best goods in the window for the public gaze, keep some of yours in reserve. Aim to get into the society of those who are better than you, thus you will be influenced and helped by contact with them.

Avoid the boaster, cultivate a humble spirit. Praise should make you humble, it only makes the fool proud. Be kind, it doesn't cost much, but it is worth more than gold. He who controls his tongue can guide an army. Endeavor to live below your income, not above it. Never allow an unnecessary luxury to enter your home that you cannot pay cash for. Don't try and keep up with the Joneses, or you might come a cropper.

Given health and strength, what greater heritage does a young man need;

though his pockets are empty he can lift his head, clench his fist and go forth to conquer. I would rather be a poor man's son than the pampered, spoiled, selfish child of a millionaire. The poor man's son can climb up, the rich man's son often climbs down.

I would warn my young friends against being enticed to touch liquor or dope, (cocaine) in any forms; shun them as you would a poisonous viper. Have courage to say "no" and stick to it.

WHEN SANTA CLAUS FAILED TO CALL

By Gipsy Simon Smith

The following tragedy occurred at Hackney, London, England, when a child, calling up the chimney for Santa to come, caught fire and was burned to death:

'Twas Christmas Eve, through the drifting snow
The shoppers were hurrying to and fro;
There was jest and laughter everywhere,
And all the world seemed free from care;
For the spirit of giving, it is sublime,
Which comes to our hearts at this festive time;
For we think of God's gift on that Christmas Day
When the babe in a Bethlehem manger lay.

In a poor back street in a dingy room,
Where the flickering light scarce pierced the gloom,
Where poverty stalked so grim and dire
And the inmates huddled around the fire.
A child hung up a stocking because
Down the chimney, she said, would come Santa Claus;
And the poor widow smiled through her tears as she said:
"I hope when he comes that he'll bring us some bread."

But somehow or other on that Christmas night
He passed that poor family, and sad was their plight;
The little girl, listening, no sleigh bells could hear,
She wondered by now if the reindeers were near.
Of course, to the fine home at first he would go;
"He's going to s'prise us this Christmas I know."
She knew he was busy, he must be delayed,
So the poor little tot in that dingy room prayed.

"Scuse me, Mr. Santa, I'm Mary, you know;
I ain't got a daddy; he's under the snow;
My mummy is sick; can you hear me all right?
Please bring something nice for her to-night.
There's Johnny, my brother, he's big, 'cause he's nine,
Some shoes and a sled would just suit him fine;
And if you can spare it, a dolly for me,
I'll just be as good as I ever can be."

The hours passed by; that wee curly head
Was nodding in slumber on that humble bed.
Then, awake with a start, she drew near the fire;
"Would he come down the chimney?" she'd better inquire.
And into the smoke she chokingly gasped:
"Please, Santa, are you leaving us to the last?"
And the flames caught that dear little maiden that night
And the poor dingy room was a blaze of light.

And up from that room on that Christmas morn
A new little angel to heaven was borne.
Oh, ye who have plenty, your blessings now share,
And you may lift others from depths of despair.
Must the prayers of the children be offered in vain?
Can such a tragedy happen again?
A Babe gave us Christmas. Hear His message to thee:
"In as much as ye do it to these, 'tis to me."

GIPSY SIMON SMITH AND WIFE—1929

CHAPTER 9

LIGHTS AND SHADES OF LONDON LIFE

(Note—The conditions related are pre-war)

A thick fog had settled down over the city; that kind of a fog peculiar to London; one that makes the eyes ache, blackens the face, and makes people who think they know the locality well, look foolish, when they get hopelessly twisted within a few streets from where they were born. The kind of fog which makes a regular soaker mistake the water pitcher for one of beer, and who splutters at the unaccustomed taste of the former.

The big electric arc lamps resemble flickering candles while the lights of the street cars and busses appear like fireflies. It was the kind of night welcomed by the footpad, pick-pocket, window-smasher and those shady characters who love darkness rather than light. They would emerge from their slum alleys like foxes from their holes, to steal or to destroy. Some would mingle with the gay

throng in Leicester Square, Piccadilly, and other well-known thoroughfares, seeking for prey among the moneyed folks, while others would ply their trade in the busy market streets, relieving many a hard-working artisan or his wife of their weekly pay. The name used among the fraternity for those who do not get their living honestly is "butcher's hook". The meaning is obvious, meaning "crooked".

A foggy night in London is the crook's harvest time, and when that night happens to be Christmas Eve, the crop is a bumper one. Many a jeweler has paid for his folly in neglecting to bar his windows by having them smashed and his shop lifted of a small fortune. The window smasher is an expert at his business and knows just how to break the window with the least noise possible, by the use of a treacle (molasses) plaster. This being smeared over a sheet of brown paper and pasted over the spot where he wishes to

deliver the blow, thus deadening the sound.

On this particular Christmas Eve on which our story opens, although the fog was of inky blackness, multitudes thronged the streets and market places. Thousands had drawn their yearly club money; it had been a great struggle for some of them to keep up their weekly payments of sixpence, and now they were reaping the reward and were bent on investing their capital in some of the good things displayed on all sides. On large benches and hanging upon numerous hooks outside the butcher's stores, were tempting joints and poultry of all kinds. Each salesman is lustily advocating the quality of his wares, oftentimes good-humoured raillery exists betwixt rival salesmen, which a stranger might mistake for enmity.

Thus one butcher mounted upon a block admonishes his hearers not to purchase that common, foreign, frozen meat next door. Some use language which I

suppose is a special qualification of a market butcher. Hour after hour the crowds come and go, purchasing their joint or fowl by what is known as Dutch Auction, i. e., instead of commencing low and rising as in real auction, the salesman commences high and descends to the lowest price he can accept.

The immense Smithfield Market is the scene of much crowding, shouting and raillery, not only on Christmas Eve, but every Saturday, that is the retail section. This vast receptacle for the meats and poultry from far off lands as well as home productions, is a busy hive from five in the morning, when thousands of wagons come from all parts of the city for supplies for butchers' stores, restaurants and hotels, until midnight on Saturday when the poor widow secures her twopenny worth of bones to make a stew for her half-starved children.

Here in this market so near to the once famous Newgate Prison and within easy walking distance of St. Paul's Cathedral,

is offered for sale prime beef and mutton from Argentine; the pick of Chicago markets, and lamb from New Zealand. In its subterranean refrigerators are stacked thousands of carcasses of sheep from Australia, each one carefully covered with cheesecloth. A ship load of geese from Russia have been landed at London Bridge, and with another of Austrian turkeys have been thawed out for the Christmas rush. A few bears are hanging here and there which will provide steaks for some wealthy faddists, while deer, pheasants and other game are in abundance. Many people can be seen leaving the market with a turkey or goose swinging over their shoulder, proud of their purchase, for such a treat can only be indulged in once a year. Some of the men have evidently been celebrating in a manner which has affected their feet and tongue, and many of them on awakening the next morning discovered that their bird had taken flight during their homeward journey.

Now and then the presence of the "hook" is manifest when some innocent, stepping forward to make a purchase, discovers an empty pocket and probably the absence of his watch which will cause him to remark, "How time flies."

The market streets of Lodon are most fascinating. What sights, what characters; here we find a most wonderful mixture of humanity. Each side of the street, long lines of barrows, each illuminated by a lamp, with but a yard of space between, to comply with the regulations, and such a display of wares surely could not be seen in any other country under the sun.

The crowds in these market places are immense; much elbowing, pushing and toe-treading is indulged in. Haste is impossible. Anything and everything is on sale. The shouting is deafening; the language is not such as we hear in drawing rooms; the smells are various. Most of the salesmen or women are Cockneys, known as costermongers; of course there

are a good number of Hebrews, and an occasional Italian who sells ice cream in the summer and baked potatoes in the winter. Poor shivering urchins huddle round his outdoor stove, and sometimes indulge in the luxury of a halfpenny potato.

Many a shivering waif has never known the comforts afforded by a fire during the damp, foggy, dreary winter, save a few moments the "Jack" allowed him to huddle near the bake potato can at the street corner. I fancy I can hear him now calling—"All hoti, all hoti."

Perhaps a brief description of a market street may enable the reader to have a little idea as to what it is really like.

Here are butchers' stalls where the very cheapest kind of meat is sold and cleanliness is not very conspicuous. Then the inevitable fish stalls, where for a few pence one can get almost loaded down with "Billingsgate Pheasants," i. e., bloaters or "two-eyed steaks". Also fruit of every description, eggs—24 a shilling,

and nothing extra if they contain chicks. Live stock, poultry, alive and dead, some of the latter being of the humming-bird breed, or what the gentry term "high".

Flowers, chinaware, floor cloths, curtains and every conceivable thing are on sale, and then remember that every salesman considers it his duty to yell as though everybody were deaf, and also that there are hundreds of salesmen, then you have an idea of the din and confusion existing in a London market street.

Just to prevent the silence from being too manifest, a band will be playing. Outside a public house some street musicians are engaged in a serenade, a harmonium, a cornet, a violin and vocalist form a quartette. The first of such gentry that I ever heard were "rendering" (please note that word, "When Other Lips, Then You'll Remember Me." I thought that a trifle suggestive, being outside a saloon. I generally note that the dogs of the market place, "and their name is legion," ap-

pear to be deeply interested in music, and above the din can be heard their unmelodious voices raised in, well, what I might call "dogsologies".

In the various side streets adjoining the market, we see the side shows, such as the man who swallows stones, swords and watches, if you care to trust him, and I noticed that he could swallow a fair quantity of beer. Now I should think in these days of expensive living that fellow should save money. I know a stoney farm where he could receive good pay for clearing it, and always get a stomach full. At the next corner is a strong man, who declares that he is the strongest man on "fuller's earth". Then we see a clown walking on stilts about twelve feet high, and of course, the punch-and-judy show must make its weekly appearance. A Communist orator, and a fight or two help to relieve the monotony.

A quack doctor will sell you remedies for all ills. He has prescribed for the crowned heads of Europe; have you a

corn or wart, his salve will surely remove it. Perhaps it was similar to that which I heard concerning a man who had a small pimple on the back of his neck, and who after applying the salve for a week found that instead of decreasing, the pimple had enlarged so that he was able to use it for a collar stud. Anyway, the "doctor" of the London market do not stop at trifles.

The notorious "Petticoat Lane" is more of a clothing mart and is entirely Jewish. Here they guarantee to fit you "like zee paper on zee vall," and they "varrant it all vool." An enormous crowd gathers in this street every Sunday morning. Near by is the famous "Club Row," now Slater street, a street consisting entirely of bird stores. The Cockney is a lover of birds, and here they deal in the feathered songsters, and engage in singing competitions. Here many people have purchased a real "Yorkshire" or "Norwich" canary, but when the dye had worn off it resembled a sparrow or a common yellow-hammer. 'Tis true that one-half

of the people do not know how the other half live. You would wonder how that old woman eked out a living by selling a few watercress at one-half penny a bunch. Or how those girls kept their heads above water by selling violets and other flowers at a "penny a bunch, lidy".

Foul-mouthed, many of them, but as straight as a gun-barrel, morally. The man who peddles cat and dog meat (a few pieces of horse flesh on a stick for a cent) calls merrily as he pursues his rounds—"Meat, meat," and a regiment of customers' pets greet him on every hand. If only some people would come out of their shells and study humanity what a difference it would make in their outlook. How it would broaden their vision. So many people seem to live in a world of their own, they have not yet explored beyond their own limited boundary. If some people who scold and condemn those who have taken the wrong turning in life, would first of all go in and out amongst them, and get to really know something

about the conditions under which they are surrounded, and the great unequal struggle with poverty, maybe they would be less harsh in their criticism, and instead of censuring, would pity.

But do we not often hear those who know nothing whatever of the conditions of the poor, first and loudest in their denunciations? Here is a man who from childhood has been carefully watched over by good parents, he was never allowed to associate with children, except a select few, for fear of contamination. No unseemly word or act ever seared his young mind, his parents intended that he should become a minister. Thus he was raised with a knowledge of all that is good, but entirely ignorant concerning the other side of life. He knew of God, but not of his fellow man; humanity was a closed book to him.

Forgetting that his great Leader mixed with humanity, and those of the lowest type, becoming the man's friend and sympathizer, thereby perfectly understanding

man, he holds himself aloof, living in his self-made sphere, and then from his pedestal he condemns the lives of those of whom he is ignorant. All that he knows of them is either what he had read, or a chance scene upon some thoroughfare when passing; of course this is not so with all. Let us not at all seem unfair in our criticism, that which applies to many a public man, is equally true of the many who from their comfortable arm chairs, away from grim slumdom, pass uncharitable judgment upon the "victims".

I say that word thoughtfully, the "victims" of a system which almost makes it impossible for them to ever climb out of the pit into which they have fallen. A system which makes drunkards, thieves, harlots, degenerates and weaklings; and leaves upon the face of this fair world, blots, shunned by the respectable, but not altogether forsaken, for it is in these blots or slums where there still remaineth those who are continually seeking to raise men from the ditch of despair. I mean that

well-tried and tested society, the London City Mission, which provides 350 men who are giving their lives for the uplift of humanity, seeking to save the lowest.

'Tis said that "poverty is no disgrace," but some of us known to our sorrow that it is very inconvenient. While the high-toned folks become "temporarily financially embarrassed", Bill of the slums is "stoney-broke". Have you ever hung up your stocking in a Christmas Eve, and awakened to find it empty? Have you ever sat down to a table on Christmas to find only bread; have you ever shivered and retired to a humble bed fully dressed because there was not enough fire to stay the chattering of your teeth, and have you ever dreaded the sound of every footstep thinking it was the landlord coming to evict you because of unpaid rent? But once more, have you watched your darling babe pass from you, and when you close those dear eyes, and knew they would never look into yours again and call you mother or father, have you experienced

the bitterness of it all when you thought that if only you had been able to procure comforts, if you only could have afforded a fire, that dear one might have been spared?

If you know something about these things, then from your aching heart you can say, "Oh, poverty, thou hard task-master, thou murderer and slayer of the innocents, thou robber of character, virtue and purity, for this I pray, Lord, save me from poverty." We often hear people say at the death of one such innocent—"God's will be done." I ask, was it God's will that a child should be ill-nourished, half-fed and devoid of all comfort? No. Well then, it is not His will that little one should perish. It is often comforting to lay it to the will of God, but it isn't always the truth; of course, there are exceptions. Let us rather go to the real root of the matter, those conditions which make it possible for so much suffering to exist, blame them and those who are responsible, not God.

Having spent six years as a slum worker under the auspices of the "London City Mission" I speak that which I know and testify that I have seen. My many wanderings in early life permitted me to become partially acquainted with humanity in general, but closer contact was necessary; to walk by on the other side might have given the priest a slight idea as to the condition of the man who had fallen among thieves, but the man who really understood the case was the Samaritan who went right down into the ditch, and gave him a lift.

In these days of enlightenment, the existence of slums should be an impossibility, but while greedy, grasping people and sin are in the world, we suppose these conditions will continue. Some of the people who are responsible for the ever-present slum are the liquor people, the sweater, and the landlords, or those who sublet. When a man or woman becomes a slave to drink it will not take them long to travel the road from the respectable

little home in a quiet suburban district, to the thickly congested slum areas. From the whole house they go to a half, from thence to two rooms, from thence to the dark, damp basement room, or attic of the slum house, which boasts a family in every room; whose front door is ever open, the floors of which are bare and dirty, where shivering, ragged, cold, sickly children are in abundance, and where the ears are shocked at the oaths and curses heard on every hand, and night is made hideous through frequent drunken brawls.

Poverty and drink seem to be closely related. There are the honest, clean, good-working, poor people, of course, but go to the slum-dweller, get near their hearts, and you will find that drink has had a great deal to do with their present condition. When will Britain, whose gallant sons sing, "Britons never shall be slaves," throw off these shackles, when shall her sons be really free from such bondage?

Other and younger countries have

fought and conquered the octopus, but alas, what can we expect from a country where even many of the spiritual leaders hold shares in the liquor business, and for silver and gold, are betraying their Lord afresh, and helping to send their brethren to destruction, instead of leading them to a better life. If, as we read, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom," I feel sure that the one who makes it possible for him to become a drunkard will not get there either. Surely the accessory before the fact should be made to suffer with the guilty person.

I know of many folks constantly receiving big dividends from their brewery and distillery shares, who are leading lights in the various churches, yea and ecclesiastical leaders. A full list of their names was published by the Daily News of London. Yet while they were partly responsible for the poor people's condition, were not slow to enlarge upon the errors of what they termed "the submerged".

Others apparently troubled by their

conscience, have and are, constantly carrying on relief work amongst the poor by way of food and clothing, doing as it were "work's meet for repentance" but still waxing fat out of the liquor traffic. How few have really made such a sacrifice as Mr. Charrington, the once partner in the great brewery of that name in the Mile End Road, London, who left all, washed his hands of the dirty business, and is now engaged in the great work of reclaiming the fallen, his great Assembly Hall being a hive of Christian activity.

While this terrible war has wrought much evil, much good will also come out of it. It requires the fire to bring forth the pure gold. Russia was not slow to realize that her greatest enemy was within her gates, and Vodka was abolished. The Czar, before his abdication, might have been guilty of much misgovernment, but the world realized that he had performed a great act when that cursed drink was forbidden. The United States and Canada were not slow to realize that

drink was more to be dreaded than the Prussian foe, and today we are wondering why we did not banish it before.

Men who thought they could not do without it are awakening as it were from a hideous nightmare, and thanking God that they are free men; men with clear eyes, a firm step, a healthy body, a new vision, unfettered, renewed physically, mentally and morally. Children who once knew not what comfort meant, today are enjoying the comfort afforded by good clothing and substantial food, because their arch enemies, the liquor traffickers, are not allowed to rob them any more. Prisons in some places are practically tenantless, magistrates are discovering that crime is on the decrease, doctors are declaring that the people on the whole are much healthier, lunatic asylums will not receive so many patients as heretofore, and the drunkards' and suicides' graves will be scarcer.

Knowing all this, Britain is slow to follow the example of her allies in the West.

While drinking is rife, slums will abound. Another class of people responsible for slums are the industrial sweaters, those who grind the faces of the poor, who squeeze out the last drop of human blood in the sweat shops, or by allowing their victims to take work home and on a starvation pittance there, slowly but surely bleed them to death. In such places the "Song of the Shirt," although not sung, is lived out every day. In hovels where thin-faced, hollow-eyed women stitch from morning till night, many a tragedy, not recorded in the newspapers, is enacted.

Then the landlord, and the sub-letter, should share some of the blame. Here is some titled personage owning a large city area. He does not want to be bothered with business, therefore, he leases his property to another; this one probably sub-lets portions of it to various people, who in their turn again let it out in single rooms.

I know of a row of houses in a notori-

ous slum district which are sub-let, and during my visitation day by day I discovered a family in every room. Now, in fairness to the real owner, it oftentimes happens that he does not know a thing about the condition of his property or of its tenants. It is in his agent's hands, who again leaves it to the lease-holder. But it is the bounden duty of a man, be he a Christian, or if he has a spark of sympathy for his brother man, to make it his business to know something of these conditions which exist, whether he receives the rent directly or indirectly. In a land of plenty and in a country called Christian, it should be made impossible for a family often numbering up to eight to live in one room.

Yet what can they do? The charge for rent is so exorbitant that the poor have no alternative. Can we wonder at some of the slum children growing up to be a menace to society? It has ever been a wonder to me how they ever managed to live respectable lives at all. Many a city

has expended huge sums in banishing houses of ill fame, gambling hells and other undesirable places from their precincts. No expense has been spared in the erection of public schools, libraries, and the laying out of parks for the use of the people, but why not utilize some of the vast wealth which exists, in endeavoring to wipe out some of these notorious slum areas? (The London Council are now erecting thousands of houses a few miles out of the city in their desire to banish the slums, allowing the tenants to occupy them at a low rental.)

Some good far-seeing men have had a vision and have not been disobedient unto it. Men like the late Richard and George Cadbury, the cocoa manufacturers, and Viscount Leverhulme, have erected Garden Cities for their employes and instead of having their factory in the heart of a congested city where their work people would be compelled to live in slums, have gone out into God's beautiful country and there built their plant surrounded by pret-

ty cottages, each within its own garden.

The first man commenced life in a garden and ever since then man has hungered to return. Back to the land, we hear the cry yet, and this is very noticeable on this western side of the Atlantic. Yet you will find, even in country towns, crowding quite unnecessary; houses packed in side by side, with not enough garden room to swing the proverbial cat, people packed into small apartments, when just outside the town or city are vast tracts of territory with dwellings few and far between. While there may be some excuse for overcrowding in Great Britain, there appears to be little excuse for a country like Canada or the United States whose territories are so vast.

The tenants of poverty row were many and varied, for one room the average price was about five shillings. Sometimes a bargain could be secured by way of damp basement room for about four shillings. The houses had at one time sheltered prosperous business people, but

now as they stand on one long row, wall to wall, four stories high, with their iron rails in front, which now by the way serve as a line on which unblushingly hangs the family or families' washing. They present a grim, forbidding appearance.

One need not stand on ceremony by waiting to knock, that would be either in vain, or would probably result in bringing a member from each of the ten families who inhabit the ten rooms, to ascertain your business. You simply walk right in and up or down as the case may demand. Your knock must be performed on each door, and when bidden to come in you must be prepared to occupy as small a space as possible in the kitchen-dining-bedroom.

If the mother happens to take in washing or mangling, things may feel a trifle damp, and should she be an out-worker for the match or clothing manufacturers you had better let your visit be brief, for she has no time to waste. One of my

flock occupied a basement room. This family only consisted of seven. The father, crippled with rheumatism, was unable to leave the room, the mother was engaged at office cleaning at the rate of two shillings per day; thus twelve shillings (3 dollars) per week had to help support this family as well as pay the rent. A helping hand now and then from the churches and benevolent people relieved the situation, the London City Missionary, generally acting as the go-between, for knowing the people, he can tell the really needy from the counterfeits, who can be found everywhere.

I was invited to stay to dinner on one occasion in this home, but declined. The menu consisted of two penny-worth of bones, and a penny-worth of "potherbs", i. e., vegetables, these stewed together with, of course, a liberal supply of water, provided the family with a scant meal. To prove that this family were economical I would add that afterwards the bones were disposed of for one cent. When the

junk man would come around calling "Rags and bones," some of the inhabitants of "poverty row" would truthfully say, we are all rags and bones.

A woman was observed acting rather strangely one evening near the canal, and before anyone could hinder her she had plunged into its murky depths. A boatman hastened to the spot and she was rescued. She showed no sign of thankfulness, only a dull, despairing look as of one demented. In the court, when asked why she had sought to end her own life, her reply was, "I could not bear to see my children starve to death." A mother's heart is just the same whether she dwell in a slum hovel or in a palace.

We often find that it is the poor who help the poor. I had reached the attic of a London slum dwelling in the vicinity of King's Cross, when I was informed that in a rear room was a family in extremely poor circumstances. How often we find that those who are really deserving and in abject want, are the last to reveal their

awful condition. Silent suffers are they, bravely enduring hardship and privation.

Such was this case, a woman, who with her husband and family had left the country for the city, but, alas, lack of employment and sickness had brought them to this one room, and to want. Here is a case where drink was not the cause of poverty. I have heard people chide the unemployed, saying that the fault was theirs, but only those who have lacked employment and have walked weary miles and sought in vain, know the bitterness of it all.

The father of this family was tramping somewhere looking for work while his wife and children were starving. The empty fire-place, bare room, almost devoid of furniture, the pale haggard faces of the children as they cling to their mother, told their own tales. While this heroine reluctantly told me her sad story a poor neighbor entered with a few pounds of coal taken from her scanty store, and proceeded to kindle a fire. A visit to the

adjacent grocery store found me loaded with necessary articles of food, and soon those who had been branded with want and despair, had taken a new lease of life. That good Samaritan who had sent a donation for the poor to the offices of the London City Mission little thought what comfort it would bring, it might have been the means of hindering that desperate mother from again seeking peace in the waters of the canal.

In this case the man who sub-let these rooms did not prove to be the hard-hearted Skylock as some are. 'Tis true he had threatened eviction for five weeks' arrears of rent were owing, but when the case was clearly explained to him I found him a man with a heart, and had the pleasure of receiving his promise to cancel the debt ere I left his office.

While the average slum is a shelter for many of the criminal class, so much so, that oftentimes the police find it more safe to go by couples than singly, yet the missionary is always safe. Even the low-

est realize that he is there for the common good, and would rather protect him than otherwise. The stranger in a slum area is always looked upon with suspicion, but when the missionary is observed approaching, the signal is soon sent from one end to the other, "It is the missionary, he's all right." While there are certainly many shady characters who are rather shy in daylight, hidden away in these alleys, while there are wretched drunkards, both men and women, yet there are those who, though living in these unsavory surroundings, are living good, clean lives. Heroes and heroines who, in spite of all opposition, are fighting a good fight.

While London has its shady characters, its vice haunts, drunkenness and poverty, yet it is no worse than any other great city, when size is taken into consideration. As London is practically a dumping ground for the continent of Europe, it is really surprising that this bunch of cities, with its seven and one-half millions of

people is not far worse than it is. A few things one is compelled to admire is the rigid enforcement of laws, the incorruptibility of the police, the absence of "graft", politically and otherwise, the splendid traffic regulations, and the perfect sanitary and water systems.

Speaking of the traffic regulations, reminds me how often we hear the American visitor to Britain joking at our little box-like railway carriages, with their numerous side doors. But perhaps he has seen things in a different light since returning, especially if he has had to wait about five minutes on a bitter cold day for a stream of passengers to alight from the only door at the end of an American coach, and then had to climb up the awkward, narrow steps loaded with "grips".

The level platforms flush with the carriages at every station in Great Britain are a boon, and numerous side doors makes it possible to load and unload at a fraction of the time taken with the American coach. The visitor is somewhat sur-

prised on boarding a London street car to find that he can ride for one cent a distance of half a mile, pre-war. This evidently pays and makes shopping much easier for the ladies.

Referring once again to the "public houses", several people have expressed much surprise when speaking of the custom of keeping barmaids to serve liquor. I have informed them that these girls, though exposed to so much temptation and within hearing of so much which is far from good, are equal, morally, to any class of girl engaged in common employment, and they seldom sink to prostitution. They are chosen for their smart appearance, and, of course, are expected to make themselves agreeable to the men customers, but while barmaids, they bar any attempt at over-familiarity. We must admit that it is employment which no woman should be asked to engage in, but I am prepared to shock some readers by suggesting that probably these barmaids were influences for good, that

many oaths were strangled in the throats of the men who respected the presence of a woman, though a barmaid.

The old saying that "Jack is as good as his master," is not often allowed to take any practical form in Great Britain. There is a wide gulf between the employer and the employee which may become a trifle narrower through this great war, but will never become altogether connected. The man who has come to the western side of the Atlantic is deeply impressed with the entirely different relationship existing between the boss and the man. In Great Britain the employee is, generally speaking, a piece of human machinery wound up to go or stop according to the employer's will. He is scarcely allowed to think, and is allowed very little opportunity for initiative; before the war he was poorly paid, and lived in constant dread of losing his job, fearing that he might not secure another, for the supply exceeded the demand. Many employers bullied their workpeople, and foremen followed their

example; general servants might be included in this category. I heard a lady engaged in tongue-lashing her servant, who said, "Well, madam, I thought," and her mistress ejaculated, "Who gave you permission to think?"

But in order to not appear unfair, I must produce the bare-faced truth on both sides. Many of the employees are time-wasters and lazy; it may be due to their past treatment, but still one must confess that a vigorous, willing worker is not popular with the average workingman. While engaged as a dock-hand unloading vessels I was subjected to combined abuse and insults because I persisted in doing a fair day's work. At last an unsuccessful attempt to injure me by allowing a pile of bales to drop from the winch pulley compelled me to resign my position.

Yet in order to thoroughly understand humanity one must of necessity be a good mixer. What better example can we have than that of our great Elder Brother, the Christ! Thus the carpenter of Nazareth

knows the working man, the hungry and thirsty miracle-worker, who would not exercise his divine power for his own comforts, can sympathize with the hungry and thirsty—homeless ones who have, like Him, no place to lay their heads.

So that I might as far as possible follow Him I stooped down to the lowest depths, that perchance I might lift up my brother or sister to a higher plane. A self-appointed task was to visit thirty saloons each week and there among the men and women I sought to do good. It may be strange news to my American readers to hear that the slum women would even take their potatoes to the bar rooms to peel them there while they would drink and gossip, and before the law was passed prohibiting minors entering, children would play around the floor and take sundry sips from their mother's favorite beverage. Occasionally a fight would take place, and amidst the shouts of the onlookers and screams of the combatants, who with hair flying and using

teeth and nails like tigresses, the place would resemble Bedlam. The London police still use the old-fashioned stretcher for conveying drunks and those who refuse to go quietly to the lock-up, and to see a slum siren being conveyed in that manner through the streets seems very much behind the times, compared to the police motor ambulances on this side.

Then again the street telephone system for the use of the police I do not think is yet in vogue. In order to better know my unfortunate brothers and sisters I spent some time on London streets at night, and among the homeless wanderers who were crouching in doorways or on benches here and there along the Thames embankment or London Bridge, I found some who had been blessed with a good education, even graduates from Oxford and Cambridge Universities, but who had come down through drink, gambling or vice. Taking such to one of the numerous coffee stalls which can be found all over the city at night, there under the

warming influence of coffee and victuals they could be lured to loose their tongues, and allow me to peep into their past history. The pessimist says, "but you could never reclaim any of these castaways of society". I refer such to Harold Begbies' book, "Broken Earthenware or Twice-Born Men," the characters of which I have met face to face, and I am prepared to say that during the course of my six years as a London City Missionary I have met with cases equally as wonderful.

London is termed by some people the worst city in the world. (In one year, 1928, there were fourteen murders in London, England. While in Chicago, with half the population, there were 399. In London twelve out of the fourteen murderers were hung. In Chicago, 77 convicted, but none executed.) But the truth is, while there it is revealed without any attempt at hiding, other cities are as bad, but you cannot see it all at the first glance. Now, in order to reach the worst kind of folk, I arranged midnight meet-

ings for their benefit, believing that no man or woman is too far gone to come back again, for if I read the good old story right I find that He came to save sinners. Therefore, I visited the cheap lodging houses, the saloons, the haunts of shady characters, and invited them to a light supper at midnight. They came, men and women, some drunkards, harlots, tramps, dirty and verminous. You have to see a British tramp to see the genuine article. Why the law permits such dirty, ragged specimens of humanity to masquerade I cannot imagine. Their one great dread was soap and work.

I shall never forget that first midnight meeting; it was but the beginning of many. Straight from the saloons they came, and for fear of having a dry spell brought liquor with them. After supplying them with coffee and sandwiches I did my best to entertain them by way of singing some old songs, and I noticed that the mother songs would stir up memories of the past, for the tear-dimmed eyes

and quivering lips told their own stories.

Thus a few songs and a sympathetic talk helped some who were adrift, to get back into harbor. The half-drunken mother who neglected her home, children and husband, became a sober Christian temperance worker, and the passing years have found her abounding in good works. The boy, who, like the prodigal, had wasted his substance with riotous living, went back home and was forgiven, and is a prosperous business man today. The girl, who had taken the wrong turning in life, appealed to Him, who said, "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more." These and many others are doing works meet for repentance and striving to carry the light into the shades of the world's greatest city.

(The author visited London, England, in 1929, and was surprised to find a great improvement in every way. Better wages, better housing and little dunkenness. The government have almost made drunkenness impossible by raising the price of liquor, and only allowing the saloons to open for a brief period daily.)

Mary at The Cross

By GIPSY SIMON SMITH

Within the judgment hall she stood
Amid that cruel, noisy mob:
Ah! who can know the agony
As from her heart is wrung a sob.
She sees his head now crowned with thorns
That once upon her breast did lay.
The blows that struck Him wounded her:
They crucified her too that day.

With trembling feet and breaking heart
She climbed the side of Calvary steep,
And from her lips was wrung the cry:
"Have pity," as they pierced His feet:
Those feet that once she fondled there
In humble cot of Nazareth:
Those hands that once her neck entwined
Her Holy Child now done to death.

She knew He was not of this world,
Through her had come this miracle,
That through those hallowed, sacred days
Within her dwelt Immanuel.
Ah! Who can tell the agony
That she endured while standing there?
The darkness spread, the mob was hushed
As Mary bowed her head in prayer.

And while the earth with trembling quaked
Seeing its Maker hanging there,
And ere with bated breath they heard
The Saviour's last heart-broken prayer
He turns and sees that form so dear,
The vessel he had dwelt within,
And to John's keeping giveth her
Ere Paradise He entered in.

They lift Him from that cruel tree,
Her hands His pierced feet embraced.
And that vile cloth, the felons robe,
By her own garment was replaced.
And she who first held Bethlehem's Babe
Was last to fold those hands so dear.
And as she cried: "Thy will be done,"
A host of angels doth appear.

The Resurrection

And then there came that Easter morn
When from despair new hope was born
An empty tomb. He who was slain
To those He loved appeared again.
To Peter whom His Lord denied
And Thomas saw His hands and side,
And Mary's tears were wiped away
Upon that resurrection day.

The Vision of the Great Beyond

CHAPTER 1

THE GREAT ADVENTURE

I sat by a lake and gazed upon its calm surface. My thoughts turned to spiritual things, of heaven, of loved ones gone before. Of the promise that "in my Father's house are many mansions." Of how little we know of heaven. A sweet calm came over me. I seemed to be carried out of self, out of the world. Was it a dream, was it a vision, or was it mere fancy. Whatever it was I am thankful for the experience, and I would pass on the story of this adventure if I must thus call it, hoping that it may be a blessing to others even as it has to me.

There appeared to be some commotion in the water and then I seemed to hear a voice saying, "I have been waiting for you, will you come with me?" And I saw that which I had not noticed before, a light boat and in it a man attired in a light colored garb. I mechanically entered and sat down. Noiselessly we left the shore. I spake not to my companion, but looked

forward toward the setting sun, and thought of Him who sailed the Galilean sea. My reverie was interrupted by the "boatman" who had not spoken hitherto since inviting me to go with him. "In the past it hath pleased Jehovah to reveal unto his servants many mysteries. The patriarchs were men with the passions like unto all men, but because they put their trust in Jehovah, and exalted His name among the people, they were His friends, and unto them He granted many favors. Because thou hast not taken away or added to the Word, it hath seemed good in His sight to grant thee an entry into the Great Beyond."

Then the boat which seemed to be constructed of some light substance, arose from the surface of the lake and swifter than an aeroplane, carried us beyond the clouds. My attention was attracted now to my companion whom I could now see clearly, for all was light. His raiment was white and glistening, he was the picture of a perfect man, his flesh was clear

and smooth as a babe's, there was no defect anywhere.

"And whither are we bound?" I said.

"Canst thou see the great light beyond the clouds?" said he.

"I do."

"That is the entrance of the great beyond, to thee hast been granted this privilege of entering therein," said he.

Then I saw, as we neared the light, many beings like unto my guide traveling earthward, and I asked him who they were and what they were journeying earthward for. Said he, "They are all ministering spirits sent to earth to comfort the sorrow-stricken, the lonely, the opprest, and to stir in the hearts of the uncharitable, desires to help the needy."

Then I asked him how it was we could not see them on earth, and he informed me that they could only be spiritually discerned, and that we could never be in that necessary spiritual condition to discern while we were of the earth, earthly. "Thus you noticed," said he, "as we

approach the gate of light, many who are traveling from the earth. These are the glorified spirits of those who have left earth and who are entering the Great Beyond, whom their people mourn as dead, but who have only just begun to live. When we enter the portal you will notice that all who enter are perfect in every way, for nothing that is defiled can enter. Then," said he, "if you will examine yourself you will notice a change has taken place." Then for the first time I saw that my hands, once coarse through toil, were shapely. My hand unbidden went to my face, and surely the moles that had added to my homeliness had vanished. My fingers passed through my hair and instead of the fast approaching signs of baldness there was an abundant growth. I felt perfect in every way and as the higher the lark soars the sweeter it sings, so I felt as we approached the Great Beyond. One more question I felt compelled to ask my guide.

"How it is," said I, "that these glorified spirits have bodies?"

"Know ye not," said he, "that they are sown 'buried' an earthly body, but raised a spiritual body? You can see this body, handle it, and it can be fed and clothed just as the Christ, who was handled and fed after the resurrection. And because the sojourners upon earth know so little of these things, you are permitted to know and prepare them for the Great Beyond."

"But could not someone wiser and more advanced in learning be more suitable for this task?" I asked.

"It is because thou are unlearned, because thou can not boast of thy education that this has been entrusted to thee, to this end thou wert born."

We were rapidly approaching the great light. It reminded me of a wintry night up in Canada when I had been lecturing in a small town, the good minister who was an astronomer permitted me to look through his large scope at the moon, and

all around its rim seemed like molten gold. This appeared to be like unto it, but so much brighter, though strange to say, my eyes were not inconvenienced by the glare.

"There will be many surprises for thee," said my guide. "We are now approaching the outer space, and the Great Beyond will reveal its mysteries to thee, thou art indeed well favored."

Then our bird-like conveyance halted and before I could realize it we were there.

CHAPTER 2

A THOUSAND SURPRISES

My guide bade me follow him.

"Where is the wall or gate to this land?" said I.

"There is no need of wall or gate to this land," said he, "any more than there is need of wall or gate to the world from whence you came. This is what men call a world, a planet, not a city. Nought that is undesirable can approach unto it, so there is no need of gates. True, there is what men call a city within this world, and it is separated not by walls or gates, but by space beyond which none can pass until they have reached the desired condition. Within it is the abiding place of the Most High."

The air was invigorating, the light was bright, there was no sun. I discovered that there was no darkness, no night. We walked on, and to my surprise I found that it was real earth on which I

trod, and stretched out before my gaze were fields, woodlands and valleys. No, no fences marred the scene; I noticed beings in a beautiful wooded glen; they appeared to be interested in the beautiful flowers which grew in abundance, the aroma of which was wafted to my nostrils, and some of them were handling the birds which were quite tame, and whose songs re-echoed through the glades. I saw so many of these beings either sitting on the mossy banks or walking in groups, that I asked my guide who they were.

"Many of these," said he, "were poets, naturalists and such like while journeying on earth; here they have found their heart's desire, they naturally congregate together. There are no conflicting temperaments, they are one, all is harmony with them. This is their heaven."

As we mounted the crest of the hill a wonderful surprise awaited me, for behold what appeared to me to be a series of villages were revealed to my gaze; as we passed through the streets, it

seemed to me that no two dwellings were alike. Here were quaint houses of the Shakesperian and other historic types. With a cobblestone street, or one of stone flags. What interesting delightful dwellings they were, and surrounded by such wonderful flowers and vines of every description.

"What can this mean?" I asked of my guide.

"Have ye not read," said he, "in my father's house are many mansions?" Thus these homes have been prepared for those whom you saw in the glades. They are content, what they could not attain to on earth, they have reached here.

"I thought the inhabitants of this land would be all together," said I, "and the streets would be all of gold, and the city wall enclosed with angels on guard to keep out intruders."

"My child," said he, "think you that it would be happiness for millions of spiritual bodies who breathe and move and occupy space, to be cramped up in a city

with nought to do but look at each other, sing, or play harps. People with various ambitions on earth to be thrown together in after life eternally? These are happy because those gifts and desires they had on earth are perfected here, and there is no discordant note, because here is the place where kindred spirits blend."

As we left these dwellings I heard a faint sound of exquisite music, and as we journeyed on over the flower carpeted meadows, the sounds became clear.

"What is this I hear?" I asked of my guide.

"Soon you will approach other mansions," said he, "and the dwellers therein were musicians while on earth, often the poets and their neighbors journey over this road to enjoy the company of their neighbors, the musicians. There are many dwellers of the land though, who never travel this way, because their earthly tastes were not given to music, poetry or art."

I can not describe the heavenly har-

monies that were borne to my ears as we traversed the streets of those fair mansions. Within those dwellings inspiring and entrancing strains could be heard, and though all kinds of instruments were being played there was no discordant note, all were in perfect harmony. My guide led me to the entrance of a large palace-looking edifice. I then noticed the architecture, and as we entered I found, that it was an assembly hall for these musicians. There was a massive organ and such playing I had never heard before. Many a time I have sat in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, and heard its organ's wondrous strains, the results of the deft touches of a master musician, but no pen of mine can describe the glorious harmonies I heard that day. The musician turned after a while and behold what a surprise, in him I recognized the lame young fellow who graciously gave his services to play year after year in my mission hall in the slums of London. The recognition was mutual, and I fain would

have remained there but my guide bade me follow him. After leaving the "mansions of music" I noticed in the distance other dwellings more widely scattered than those we had yet seen, and judge of my surprise to see men working in the fields, and even cattle and horses. "Surely this cannot be included in the Great Beyond," said I to my guide.

"Why not?" said he, "each glorified spirit findeth his own sphere, there his kindred spirits abide. Think ye that heaven's host requireth not to eat? Did not the risen Lord partake of breakfast by the Galilean Sea? All other appetites have been banished because with the old body died all other bodily desires. This is a new body, glorified, perfect, as God first made man, and as God sent heavenly food, manna, to the wandering children, so, heavenly food is still necessary. Thus these you see, would not be content unless they were tilling the soil, and attending to their flocks. This is their heaven. Nay, they never get tired, the crops are

unfailing, their labor is that of love, it is one round of unceasing delight. See that being there, see how those beautiful horses follow him. How they love him. How happy he is. Yes, on earth he was a great lover of horses, he would go hungry himself rather than allow his horses to want. This is his heaven. He has his heart's desire. Those horses are perfect in form and disposition, even as the beings whom you see, there is nothing to mar, this is indeed paradise. No worry about crops, no contrary seasons, eternal light, eternal day, eternal happiness. Each one in his or her own sphere, perfect harmony."

Still we journeyed on. I had lost all trace of time. I had no feeling of weariness or hunger, but my guide made me halt before a building more wonderful than any I had yet seen, and beckoned me to follow him within. Over its portals I read in letters of gold, "He satisfied the hungry soul."

We sat down at tables on which lay the

richest and choicest of fruits, and enticing dishes of every description. My guide seeing my astonishment sought the cause thereof, and I again informed him that I was surprised to discover that the inhabitants of the Great Beyond would eat; answered, "Dost thou think that the Great One who created all things would only allow carnal man to enjoy them, and withhold them from those who are glorified. This is the home of peace, contentment, satisfaction. Some, when on earth, never enjoyed these delicacies there, and this is part of their heaven to enjoy them here, and think you that those who tend the crops in those glorious fields that we passed through would be happy if they tended those crops for naught? Their happiness is complete in knowing that others are partakers of their labor of love." And as we passed on, I noticed that we were making for a point whence shone forth a radiant light, brighter and brighter it grew until not being able to

longer hold my peace, I asked my guide the reason thereof.

"Behold," said he, "the city whose builder and maker is God. There is a space," he said, "beyond which some never pass. It is not because they are forbidden, but because they have not attained to that glorified experience which compels them to cross it. There will come a time, when they will naturally cross over and will enter His presence just as naturally as the butterfly will emerge from the chrysalis and fly upward. They can come and go, and are harbingers of joy, carrying glad tidings to those who as yet have not crossed the vale of glory." I noticed as we approached this vale that the scenery was even more wonderful than any I had passed through, and on nearing the people, there appeared to be something more wonderful about them. Unexpectedly we came in contact with a host of children and with many glorified beings; they were playing in a vast valley carpeted with the greenest

grasses and an abundance of flowers of every variety. A beautiful, clear, ripply stream flowed through this valley, on the banks of which were trees laden with delicious fruits. Birds of all species flitted hither and thither, and animals of every description were there. As we approached a tree laden with mulberries there lay a huge lion, and between his paws outstretched lay a lamb fast asleep. The king of beasts gave me a look, as a trusty dog would to his master, but seemed to fear to move, in case he disturbed his little companion.

"And the lion and the lamb shall lie down together," said my guide.

As we approached the host of young beings with their companions, I was just about to enquire who these companions could be, as they seemed to be more glorious than any I had yet seen, when my guide informed me that they had been faithful mothers upon earth who had sacrificed themselves and early comforts for their children, while others had avoid-

ed the responsibility of motherhood.

"You will notice," said he, "how near these are to the holy vale, they are often to and fro. To them it is given to enter into His presence."

As we passed we heard bands of the young beings singing something like this it seemed:

"This is the land of pure delight
No gloom or fear, or dread of night
Can ever here our spirits mar;
In heaven's land we safely are.
Soon, soon we'll in His presence be
Where greater glory we shall see,
And with the angel host we'll sing
Hosannas to our heavenly king."

"You will notice that we are approaching the great light," said my guide, "and that for some space there are no beings, this is the wall; as the citizens of this country evolve or develop, of their own accord they move from one dwelling place to another, until at last having reached this far, the next move is into the Presence.

"But," said I, "does not He come across the vale?"

"Nay," said my guide, "they must go to Him, to His abiding place."

"And are there not those who ever abide in His presence?" said I.

"Yes," said he, "there are many as you shall soon see."

And approaching the vale I noticed beings whom I had not noticed before.

"And are those women?" I asked, "and are they not accompanied by men?"

"Of course," he said, "they are kindred spirits, true soul mates. There is no marriage here," and just then there passed a couple, and never shall I forget the look if rapture upon their faces, they seemed to be strangely familiar to me, then I remembered a couple who had been engaged to be married, but war came and claimed him as its victim, and the bride to be had faded away and died of a broken heart. Yes, they were now united.

"But, supposing," I said to my guide, "there should be those who were mismated on earth?"

"My child," said he, "the cares and

mistakes of life are left behind. They cannot enter here. They are forgotten. Only perfect love meets here, and those whose temperaments and dispositions were opposite on earth will not recognize each other here. Otherwise it would not be heaven."

On the verge of the vale I also noticed a great number of delightful mansions, so peaceful. I heard music and singing, I saw beings who were young and others mature. These were the last we should see before crossing to the greater light. I asked my guide whom these were, and before he could answer there came one down a path on the sides of which there blossomed the fairest of flowers. As she approached us I seemed to have seen her somewhere, and then my guide greeted her, and when he called her "Magdalene" I was very much amazed.

"Art thou surprised?" said he.

"Yea," said I.

"Then," said he, "behold all these who dwell here on the verge of the vale and

close to the entrance of His presence are those who were more sinned against than sinning."

"Whither art thou bound, Magdelene?" said he, and imagine my astonishment when she answered, "This day the Master hath need of me, I go unto His presence."

CHAPTER 3

THE CITY WONDERFUL

Soon we were entering the city wonderful. What need was there for walls or gates, or watchman. What need of questioning or password? Only the redeemed could enter.

"Before we enter His presence," said my guide, "here is a place which will interest you."

"And what may this be," I asked as we entered into a glorious palace.

"The prayers of the saints are received here," said he. "This is the receiving station, the least and most humble petition is recorded here. How wonderful."

"How wonderful," I murmured.

"The sons of men," said he, "can send messages even without wires, and verily I say unto you, no message intended for Jehovah can ever be lost."

From hence we enter a still more wonderful palace, and, "What thinkest thou is this?"

"I know not," I answered.

"This is given to the answering of petitions," said he, "for the Lord will not withhold any good thing from those who love Him."

And as I passed through, by chance my eyes scanned the page of a book that was open, and I saw this, Ministering Spirit, Bountiful, to the widow Smith, health, happiness and peace. The necessities of life, and comfort in her declining years. She hath wrought a good work, and been faithful to God. She shall abide near His presence, her joy shall be full.

I noticed that the dwellers within the city were even more beautiful and perfect than those without, there was no sign of old age, of decay, or naught to mar their countenances. Everybody was perfect, the mansions were more wonderful and beautiful. As we approached the Holy of Holies, I began to recognize those whom I had known on earth. A fair angelic being approached us and wonderful to relate I recognized the glorified spirit of an

old blind paralyzed woman whom I discovered half starved in a London slum, when I was a missionary.

"Welcome," said she, "as thou didst minister unto me on earth, I would now minister unto thee."

Just then another equally as beautiful joined us and yes, surely, it was the spirit of that poor despairing, desperate fallen girl, whom I had rescued from the dark waters as she sought to end all in suicide, but who had reformed and afterwards sought to rescue other perishing ones.

How happy I was to meet them; yes, this was surely heaven and there were others we met on our way. One who had often given me a dinner when I was a poor hungry boy, and as she greeted me I seemed to hear a voice saying, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me."

Yes, we recognized one another, and rejoiced as at a family reunion.

"Who can these be who are coming to meet us," said I to my guide. A great

multitude, and oh how angelic their songs.

"These do always, behold the face of the Father," said he, "for of such is the kingdom. These are the spirits of children who left earth before they had really known sin, Jehovah's choir."

Then did my pulse thrill, for yes, surely I should meet some there. Ah, who is this who comes forward to meet me? Can it be, yes, it is the spirit of my sister Mary, who was killed when a child. What a meeting, what joy, and before I had recovered from the thrill, surely my cup runneth over, there comes one, ah, he was not two years old, when I closed his dear eyes, and my heart was broken, and the world seemed so cold and drear; but yes, it is he, how beautiful, how blessed to be with the Father in His presence evermore; and as we journeyed this angelic host break forth into singing.

"Jehovah reigns in majesty
His name fore'er shall hallowed be,
Let angels sing the glad refrain
The Lord of Hosts fore'er shall reign."

CHAPTER 4

THE GREAT WHITE THRONE

I have hitherto not taken time to describe the wonders of the mansions, or the material used in their construction, but in my dream or vision I saw that they were constructed of real material, for remember, it was a real world, with real people. I had always had a somewhat vague idea that the dwellers in the heavenly abode would have phantom, ghost-like forms, and that they would have wings, and fly hither and thither through space. That they could not be touched or spoken to, that the heavenly host would have no other occupation, but to sit and play harps of gold and sing forever. But I discovered to my joy that there were many things similar to those on earth, minus the disagreeable elements which we meet here. For instance: perfect love, happiness and unity existed. No pain, no sickness, disappointments, poverty, no sign of decay or worrying about the fu-

ture, no greed or envy or jealousy. I marvelled when I discovered that many mansions were in the course of erection and to find that those who had been architects and builders on earth were deeply engrossed and occupied in their construction. I questioned them and found that they were all supremely happy, that was their heaven. The material was of the finest. Many had only been permitted to use the most common material on earth, were lovingly working with mahogany and rosewood, and metals of the finest quality; mosaics and tile work abounded, artists were painting pictures on the walls, gardeners were arranging flower beds, bowers, vinerys and lawns, everybody seemed to have something to do.

"Now," said my guide, "there are many places which we might see, but we now come to the real reason of your visit here, namely, to enter the Palace of the King of Kings and see His Great White Throne. Seest thou yonder marble palace? 'Tis there we are bound."

Words cannot explain the external beauty of the palace, constructed of huge blocks of the most beautiful marble. I had seen the Connemara marble in the city hall of Belfast, Ireland, and thought it was grand, but to compare it to the palace was like holding up a piece of glass beside a diamond. There were massive stately pillars at the portals, and as we passed up the stairway I noticed that they were inlaid with gold and precious stones. Over the entrance in letters which blazed forth with great splendor, cunningly worked with precious gems of every description, I read "Enter into His courts with praise," I had expected to see angels with flaming swords to keep out intruders, but there was nobody to bar the way, and I realized how unnecessary it would be to have guards, when naught that defileth could enter the Great Beyond. The size of the palace is beyond my powers to describe, the vestibule was immense. Wonderful works of art abounded on every hand. Sculptors, artists, poets, authors,

musicians could revel here, for time was not. There was never any hurry, there was no monotony. There was no need of clocks, it was one eternal day. There seemed to me to be many outer courts all around the palace which by the way was circular; and my guide informed me that there were many of the saints who never left these courts. The first one we entered my guide said, "Tarry here awhile, there is much that will interest thee," and never shall I forget the feeling of awe which seemed to overwhelm me as I looked upon a great assemblage of beings whose faces shone as the sun. Perfect in form, in voice, surely these must look as God would look, thought I. Then I heard one whose voice was majestic and sweet say, "The just shall live by faith."

"Tell me, who can that be?" I asked of my guide.

"Behold," said he, "Martin Luther."

And there were others, Calvin and John Knox, Whitfield, and the Wesleys, General Booth, and Moody, Talmadge, Spur-

geon, Jowett, Chapman and a host of the great ambassadors of the past.

From thence we entered another wonderful apartment as large and as beautiful as the first, and there seemed to be even more glorious beings therein, they were just as perfect and wonderful as those of the first, and my guide informed me that these were great scholars and teachers. I was about to pass on when I was surprised to hear words of welcome from two of these glorified beings who approached me and words cannot describe my joy to find that there in the Royal Palace I, a poor nobody, should be welcomed by these who once instructed me as a student missionary in London. Those saintly scholars, Drs. Dawson and Anstey. And so we continued our inspection and everywhere amidst the regal splendor, of marble, precious metals, gems, and works of art, we could say, "The half has never been told."

In one section I discovered all women.

"These," said my guide, "are the mother

saints of the earth." They fought a good fight, through their holy living and prayers they brought their children into the kingdom. They had more than their share of trials on earth, they were God's heroines. Some of them were household drudges, but uncomplainingly they served God and humanity. Many of them were left widows with children to support and poverty to fight, but they endured, and they now have their reward.

The next was equally interesting, there seemed to be a greater host yet in this portion of the palace.

"Ah," said my guide, "you are wondering who these can be."

"Well, my child, these were not great scholars, or ambassadors like unto those whom we have seen, and here as everywhere in this land each findeth his own suitable sphere, for that is heaven. Thus while in the ante hall of the palace we found Luther and others who were scholars, and highly cultured on earth; here you will find, well, wait, perhaps you will

recognize some of the beings here."

"Yes," said I. "I seem to know many of them." "Welcome to the palace," said one as he approached. "Dost know him?" said my guide.

"Why it seems that I do," said I. "Yes, it must be 'Billy Bray," the Cornish miner who led thousands to God."

"True," said my guide.

"Ah, there is another. Is that not Evan Roberts? Yes, and 'Happy John,' the shoemaker, Richard Weaver, and a multitude of mission workers, slum visitors, Salvation Army rescue workers, and seest thou these two now approaching?" said my guide, and then methinks I shouted for joy.

"Welcome, welcome child," said one. Yes, there was no mistake, my own father, and his brother who were known as the first converted gypsies, who went about doing good, and though illiterate men, had led thousands to a better life. They were there with a host of others who, though while on earth, had never

been known as scholars or cultured people, did what they could according to the light that they had, and were enjoying eternal bliss and the communion of saints in the hall of the palace of the King. My father informed me that he was well acquainted with all my efforts for good, being informed thereof by a ministering spirit. On earth he had been a king-like man, over six feet in height, but no description could adequately portray the glorious being whom I recognized as my father. I felt no regrets at leaving him to continue our visitation, for there are no regrets in heaven. I was delightfully expectant, we were informed I was soon to visit the Divine Presence. I asked my guide if it were possible for those whom we had visited to enter His Presence also, at any time. He assured me that multitudes did so, and can do so any time they reached the desired condition. For instance many of those beyond the vale have not yet entered the palace. It is not forbidden, but they will enter of their

own accord, when they arrive at the stage of spiritual development, which creates the desire to enter. Then will they be drawn as steel is drawn to the magnet. Have you not already noticed that while all are partakers of the Divine radiance, yet all are not continually in His Presence. Thus you will find that those who were more spiritual when on earth, abide closer to Jehovah here. And you can notice the more advanced stages of perfection as we approach nearer to His presence. Thus the saying is fulfilled, "We shall be like Him." Then are they perfect. There are many whom as yet ye have not seen. For instance, right close to the vale you probably noticed innumerable mansions stretched out over that wonderful Valley of Peace. "Well," said he, "the dwellers therein are those who sacrificed themselves for country, home and loved ones, in the great war."

"And did they gain an entry through their self sacrifice?"

"Nay, nay," said he, "that was but a

part, though Jehovah counted it unto them for righteousness, but what knoweth earthly mortals of the heart's secret longings, the soul desire, and the last pleading cry unto Him who is merciful. The judge of all the earth shall ever do right, even so it seemeth good in His sight. There in the valley the warrior is at peace, wars and bloodshed are no more. Before we enter into His presence, I will explain why we avoided the many mansions on the border entrance."

"Yes, tell me, please, I would like to know, although I have not felt any desire to visit them."

"No," said my guide, "I knew that you would not desire to do so. Neither have they developed the desire to visit any other portion of the Great Beyond."

"How can this be?" said I, much mystified.

"The dwellers away there on the extreme edge of this planet, are those who in the world were zealous and good, who worshipped Jehovah in their way, yet

would not intermingle with others, they often in their innocent zeal declared that they only were fit for heaven. Even as they portrayed it, they are separate, not by Jehovah's decree, but as it were, their heaven is of their own making. No, my child, you would not have been happy in their presence."

I marveled at these sayings, and more so when he assured me that many famous on earth who had been the founders and leaders of various sects, were not occupying any mansions at all, and were unknown there in the Great Beyond. When, I enquired if the noted Mrs. So and So, and Dr. So and So were there, imagine my surprise when my guide declared they were unknown there. Surely there were many surprises.

"This," said he, "is not the abode of false prophets, who led away from the truth, and beguiled with false fables, those who had itching ears. For such is reserved a place in outer darkness, the abode of all that is false. Come, we will

now enter the inner courts, and there upon the Great White Throne look upon the King of Kings, Jehovah, the Lord of Hosts."

CHAPTER 5

THE GREAT WHITE THRONE

Then I followed my guide through a wide vestibule, the floor was of pearl, inlaid with precious gems, the walls of rare tapestries and paintings. The sculptor's art was manifest in the many niches. Now and then my guide would point out to me those who were famous on earth. As we entered beneath an immense archway, the lights within appeared to be more brilliant, and there was revealed to my sight a thrilling spectacle which I can never forget. A mammoth stadium-like structure, its walls of the finest marble, the domed room scintillating with innumerable gems, the floor of pearl, the seats of the finest upholstery, no crowding, and yet a host which no man could number. The most exquisite music could be heard, and the angelic choir was singing. Again I recognized my earthly loved ones, those who had been children, in the choir, and many whom I had known on earth. I seemed to hear a voice saying, "of such

is the kingdom of heaven." I soon approached the Great White Throne. It seemed to be made of the finest ivory, ornamented with gold. I looked for winged creatures but could not see any. I saw there in all His glorious majesty the King of Kings. And as I looked upon that perfect divine one, the choir sang:

> "Hail, hail to thee our sovereign King,
> To thee our homage would we bring,
> Thou wert and art and e'er shall be,
> Emanuel, eternally.
> Take up the strain ye heavenly throng
> Let the redeemed send forth the song,
> Jehovah reigneth on his throne,
> To Him be praise, to Him alone."

By this time we were right before the throne, I was lost in wonder and awe. How can I explain the love which emanated from His presence? I felt no fear, all was perfection. I was welcome.

"Who are those glorious beings so close to His presence?" I asked of my guide.

"Behold the patriarchs, prophets, apostles and martyrs," said he. "See David, and Peter, Mary, and yes, there was Mag-

dalene and many others. Just then the ministering spirit approached the throne and immediately the angelic choir again broke forth into song.

"What meaneth this?" I asked of my guide.

"There is joy over sinners repenting," said he.

"And when will judgment take place?" said I.

"My child, this is not the judgment throne. This is the throne of glory. 'Tis here that His children, His subjects do Him honor. They lay their homage at his feet. They who enter this city have no need of judgment. The law is not for the innocent, but for the guilty. There is no condemnation to those who are in Christ Jesus. He that believeth is not condemned. At the appointed time the Lord of Hosts will go forth to judge, but twill not be on this planet. Those who are here will abide forever. On earth an offender against the law is given a fair

trial, so will the Great Judge righteously judge the people."

As I stood in His presence and the light radiated from Him, I seemed for a moment to see another form reflected there, and behold in his hands and feet were scars but they vanished as I heard Him say, 'Fear not, for I am with thee, be not dismayed for I am thy God," and then I bowed before Him and cried, "My God and my King, unworthy am I."

"Thou art mine," said he, in gentle tones. "Thou hast been purchased with the price, there was but one who was worthy, did not I, the Word, put on flesh and dwell upon earth, and as God the Son paid the price on Calvary? Yea, all are unworthy, see ye not David, Peter and this host who though unworthy, hath reached the Divine state of perfection, through faith? I have called thee by my name, thou are mine. The time of thy probation is not yet fulfilled, there is much for thee yet to do. Because thou are unlearned, for oftentimes instead of

being a blessing, much learning hath proven a stumbling block. I send thee forth. Go tell the peoples of the earth to take heed. They have sought other gods. Gold and pleasure are their gods. They have turned the Sabbath into a day of revelry. They have devised false doctrines, their vain imaginings and corrupt philosophies, their cunning inventions to lull the soul to slumber, their unbelief of My Word, doth prove the evidence of their guilt. They have digged a pit for their own feet. They have kindled the flames of hell to consume themselves. I am the God of love and mercy but woe be unto those who will not regard my Word. My spirit shall not always strive with man. Midst their vaunted power and glory I will despoil. Think ye not that I did not bring about the downfall of those great powers in the war? Did they not boast of their strength, putting the power of emperors before Me? Did not I allow them to go thus far and no further, and then when they deemed themselves in-

vincible, did I not bring a great fear upon them, and gave unto their opponents that power which gained the victory? So will I bring to naught those who will not honor Me. But I will exalt those who will worship Me in spirit and truth. Long have I shown mercy to this adulterous people, but soon will I go forth to judge. Bid the people prepare, for the time is at hand. Be ye a faithful messenger. Let naught cause you to veer from my Word. Though advanced education, science, and so-called philosophies be arrayed against you, preach the Word, I have redeemed thee, thou art mine."

How long I stayed in His presence I know not. There is no counting of time there. I heard many wonderful things. There was Abraham and Paul and John, yes, and Stephen, together, very close to the throne. Many who were famous on earth I expected to see there, but could not, and when I inquired of my guide he declared they would not be there, as they spent most of their time on earth grasping

for gold, and even though they were gospel messengers on earth, they had amassed much wealth, and while they might be dwelling somewhere in the mansions which were on the extreme edge of the planet, it was well known that it was very hard for a rich man to enter the Kingdom at all. As we departed we again heard the angel choir singing. There was no confusion, no discordant sounds, no crowding, or signs of weariness. We again passed through the outer court, and soon had reached the vale. Passing through the valley of peace, I requested my guide to tarry awhile for what he had told me about the warriors dwelling there had raised a great hope within me, and wonderful to relate soon I recognized my brother who had fallen on Flanders fields, and my sister's only boy who was also there. Multitudes of these perfect beings were there, happy, loving and peaceful, it was heaven. Once again we were seated in the bird-like conveyance and floating swiftly through

space, and when I came to myself I was sitting by the water's edge. Was it a vision or just imagination?

Whatever it was it seemed real to me.

"Oh promised land beyond the vale of sadness,
Fair land of peace where troubles cannot mar
Oh blissful hope that floods my soul with gladness,
The light that guides my footsteps from afar.
Refrain:
"Sweet promised land where loved ones dwell forever,
Beyond the tomb where death can enter never.
Oh happy land where partings ne'er can sever,
At God's right hand, sweet promised land."

—G. S. S.

WANTED: SHAREHOLDERS

Gipsy Simon Smith will give six months each year to work in the rural districts. For this work a large tent and equipment is needed. It will cost $1,000 to start this traveling church. In time he hopes to have several tents. He can then give young preachers training. Will you be a shareholder in this work? Your contribution may help to win souls. Whether it be $1.00 to $100 your investment will bring big dividends and you will be a member of the Evangelistic Society of America. Send your subscription to Gypsy Simon Smith, London, Ontario.

WAR AGAINST WAR

We cheered them away, our laddies so gay,
Our quarrel was righteous we knew,
We blustered and bragged, condemned those who lagged
They were slackers and yellow, too.

Of glory we thought, the price? oh, 'twas naught
For sentiment there was no room,
From babies unborn, the fathers were torn,
We cheered them away to their doom.

Of course we must fight, whether wrong or right,
What matters a few million souls
To those who would dream of conquest and scheme
To plunder, and nations control.

What matters if wives the rest of their lives
Must work for a pittance small,
And children will say, "I curse the day
My daddy answered the call?

And the mother's heart is torn apart,
And the maiden waits in vain,
And love's young dream doth a nightmare seem,
He will never return again?

Yes, they took our best, 'twas the devil's jest,
When they said that God would lead;
Is God a fiend, to kill and rend?
'Twas the devil's work, indeed.

And the crosses tell of those who fell,
And the aching and breaking hearts
Are with us to stay, and yet today,
The demon is playing a part.

He's done it before, his business is war,
But we'll thwart his plans at last,
For brothers are we, at peace we should be,
Let war be a thing of the past.

We cheered them away and we had to pay
In agony, heartaches and tears,
But will we again send them to be slain,
Or shall we forget down the years?

In God's holy name we'll blot out the shame,
No more will our boys march away;
To suffer and die, nobody knows why,
We'll settle it some other way.

We'll cheer them no more, we'll war against war
Forever this carnage must cease;
God reigneth above, His banner is love,
We'll follow the great Prince of Peace.

Tho heathens may fight and struggle for might,
But let us from bloodshed refrain;
We'll war against war and hating no more
Sweet peace everlasting shall reign.

G. S. S.

Gypsy Simon Smith had three brothers in the war; one killed, two wounded, and his sister lost her only son.

When this poem was first published some objected to it, but since then nations are striving to bring about a lasting peace. When a man is a few years ahead of the general trend of thought and action he is generally misunderstood.

Our mission is to preach the gospel in the rural districts, using tents and giving consecrated young people a chance to engage in evangelistic work. (Interdenominational).

Gipsy Simon Smith conducting tent meetings in a rural district; 2,000 at this service; people motored fifty miles. The tent was hired. One thousand dollars is needed to secure a tent and equipment.

The "Unknown Soldier's" Tomb

BY GIPSY SIMON SMITH

After visiting Westminster Abbey, 1929

I stood in Westminster Abbey, and there 'mid
the dust of the great
And those renowned in history, from kings to
men of state,
Away in a quiet corner, around a slab so bare,
A crowd had gathered with gaze intent, to read
the inscription there.

There were flowers bestrewn by loving hands
upon that simple stone,
While upon the tombs of kings and the great, I
saw not even one.
From far and near the people came to view that
sacred shrine.
Their heads were bowed, their voices hushed,
their eyes bedimmed, as mine.

We stood around that humble tomb, where the
unknown soldier lay;
'Twas more to us than tomb of kings. I heard
a mother say:
"Perhaps here lies my only boy, God help me
bear my woes."
And a lonely widow softly prays, "My Heavenly
Father knows."

And so in that historic place, where only the famous lay,
The multitudes throughout the years will to him honor pay.
O, unknown soldier, great in death, thy service is not o'er;
The message of thy humble tomb shall reach from shore to shore.

And as I stood by the soldier's tomb, and heard the organ play,
I seemed to see another tomb, back in the far-away.
On Calvary the battle fought—Himself He freely gave—
'Twas there He gained the victory, triumphant o'er the grave.

They knew Him not, the King of Kings! but millions since that hour
Have humbly bowed at His Best Cross, and owned His sovereign power.
And there in the ancient Abbey, by the unknown soldier's grave,
Methinks these words from the tomb I heard, "Remember, his best he gave."

I seemed to hear the measured tread of a mighty host that day,
Marching on to that fair realm, where war shall pass away.
Sleep on, oh, unknown soldier, until the great roll call,
When thou shalt answer to thy name before the King of all.

GYPSY TELLS MIGHT IN DEEDS OF KINDNESS

(A Newspaper Report)

Tobacco Warehouse, Immense Building, Accommodating 5,000 People Used for Record Meetings.

"If you cannot preach you can reach—and if you cannot sing you can bring," was the message last night of Gipsy Simon Smith, evangelist, at the revival in progress at the Tobacco Warehouse.

"It is not enough for us to be saved and kept for heaven, we should help others into the way. Play the Good Samaritan! If we would lift up we must stoop down, and think it not amiss to do so, for Christ stooped the length from heaven to earth to lift up poor, sinful humanity.

"When we were wandering gypsies we were often allowed to go gleaning in the harvest fields. That means to pick up the fallen stalks of grain. They did not use self-binders in those days, but the women, often for a mere pittance, would cut the grain with a sickle and bind it by hand. Now the best gleaner was the best stooper, and if we want to fulfill that song, 'Bringing in the Sheaves', we must do some stooping.

"Somebody is in the ditch. Lift them up! There are fallen men and fallen women—for if there were no fallen men there would be no fallen women—but they all need help. They hunger for sympathy. And you cannot force them to be good."

Interest in the service is growing nightly. Deep and inspiring was the message the speaker brought to his hearers last night. He gave a talk especially intended for believers. The sermon was filled with the relating of many experiences by the gypsy that served to illumine its high points finely. Among the features on the program tonight will be a special solo by the gypsy.

His talk last night was a matchless probe into human sadness and shortcomings. Speaking of methods for redeeming the erring, he said: "Love wins when all else fails. I found this out long ago in 'breaking' outlaw horses. You can lead them when you cannot drive them, and as I have broken the worst with kindness so can it be done with human beings.

"A minister one Sunday morning began to chide a girl whom he met, because she had been absent from church services. 'Mary,' said he, 'you haven't been to church recently. Don't you hear the bells ringing? They are calling. You hear them saying, "Come! Come!"' Just then the Salvation Army drum struck up around the corner. 'Yes, sir,' answered she; 'don't you hear that drum, which says, "Fetch 'em! Fetch 'em!"' Well, we should be bringing in, folks! 'Fetch 'em! Fetch 'em! Fetch 'em!'

"Take the sinners under your wing! You may meet with sad stories. Your heart may break. I have met with many such—we learn then how the other half live, and how hard it is to get along away from the Father's house!

"I visited the London slums, from room to room, and one day I discovered a blind, paralyzed woman, of 80 years, lying on a narrow cot in a dark, dreary room. Her maimed daughter came in now and then, and out of her own poverty, helped her mother. I cleaned up the room, sang to the blind cripple and had the joy of leading her soul to the light. Oh, how those slum people would ask me to sing and in many a dark, dreary room I have sung to the sick a hymn something like this," and here he sang "The Valley of Peace." "Many have been led to that valley of peace," he emphasized. "Went you by—and did not bring them in! Some people may not think it is their business—but it is, one of the most important this side of heaven."

"You may not be a singer," said Mr. Smith, "but you can be a bringer. You may not be a preacher, but you can be a reacher Andrew never became as famous as his brother, Peter, whom he was the means of bringing to Jesus, but I think he had as much to do with the conversion of those 3,000 people after Pentecost as his brother did, because he brought him to Jesus. You may never appear in the limelight of publicity, the papers may never report what you have to say, but if you will only go out of your way to give some one a helping hand that one whom you may win, may be a power for good, and thus when the rewards are distributed you will receive your full quota, if you do your best to help somebody along life's way."

"We can all do something. Many at our very door

are hungry for a kind word. People are hungry for sympathy, for love. The world is a very lonely place for some of us. Even amid the crowd our hearts cry out for somebody who will understand us.

"Love, tenderness, sympathy, forgiveness, compassion —all these the world craves for today. Some say, 'you are too tenderhearted.' Can one be too tender?

"Are we not followers of the Compassionate One, who wept over the dead and who died of a broken heart?"

The evangelist related a pathetic story of his early efforts when, as a fatherless boy, he left his mother to cross over to Canada and to work on a farm. His employer was cruel, a drinking man, and often the poor gypsy boy was compelled to seek refuge all night in the barn, even in winter, to escape the drunken farmer who sought to misuse him. One day when the farmer and his wife were away, a sister of the farmer, who was suffering with a cancer, called the boy. He used to go six miles to Sunday school on Sunday and had learned some of the hymns, and this sick woman had heard him singing at night, after the day's toil.

She said: "My boy, you have done a great deal of good since you have been here."

"What good could I do?" asked the boy.

"I have been listening to your songs," said the woman, "and they have brought peace and comfort to me."

And when they carried her body to the cemetery shortly afterward, that poor boy felt that he had lost his only friend in that land far from home, but he was glad to know that he had been able to do some good.

"So we can all do something," Mr. Smith said. "Do your best, God does not expect any more from any of us. When I am through with life's journey, it will be heaven to hear Him say: 'You have done what you could'."

If you want to be held spell-bound, hear Gypsy Simon Smith.

REV. H. GORDON,
Independence, Kans.

I prefer him to any evangelist.

DR. CUDLIP,
Burlington, Iowa.

His work is lasting; we continue to reap after he has gone.

DR. BENTLEY,
Anderson, Ind.

We want him back again. He has been with us twice.

DR. J. GREENE,
Bedford, Ind.

TO MINISTERS

Gypsy Simon Smith has conducted meetings in churches of various denominations. He goes to any church which maintains the word and sacraments in their fundamental integrity. He has preached in Great Britain, Canada, and the United States for many years. He is a singer, and hymn writer, as well as preacher. His methods are quiet, unsensational, scriptural. He draws and holds the crowd. He does not charge any fee. The church pays part traveling and provides hospitality. The collections the last day go to the evangelist.

In towns where church is small, a hall, warehouse, or tent should be secured. With proper advertising, the largest building will be crowded. The loose collections always cover local expenses.

First Methodist Episcopal Churches

Burlington, Iowa .....Rev. J. Cudlop, D. D.
Binghampton, New York ...Rev. Stanley Shaw, "
Lincoln, Nebraska .....Rev. W. Aitken, "
Decatur, Illinois ..... Rev. C. Smith, "
Anderson, Indiana .....Rev. G. Bentley, "
Bedford, Indiana .....Rev. J. Greene, "
Franklin, New York .....Rev. S. Sergeant
Norwalk, Conn. .....Rev. H. Thompkins, "
Independence, Kans. .....Rev. H. Gordon, "
And many others of various denominations in U. S. A., Canada and Great Britain.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES

Petersburg, Va. The Gypsy Simon Smith meetings which were held in the Tabb Street Presbyterian church, January 25 to February 8, were most inspiring. Despite the inclement weather of the first week, the church was filled several times to its capacity, and during the second week, although fifteen to eighteen hundred people were crowded into the building and overflow services were held in the Sunday School auditorium on the first floor, hundreds were unable to gain admission practically every night. Both auditoriums were filled to standing room capacity more than an hour before the time announced for the Sunday evening service to begin, and other churches in the city were filled with the crowds who could not gain admission.

Perhaps no evangelist who has ever visited Petersburg has made a more favorable impression upon the city than did Gypsy Simon Smith. He is possessed with a sense of wit and humor to a remarkable degree. His sermons are simple stories of God's grace in his own life and the lives of others with whom he has labored. Although uncolleged, he has had a most remarkable training in his "School of Experience," and he has learned what many others, who have had better advantages, have failed to realize, that is, to be nothing himself and let God be all in using him.

Mr. Smith is a most humble and consecrated man, free from sensationalism, egotism and all high-pressure methods. Always sane, sound, conservative, he is most unique. He has the reputation of drawing large crowds than any other evangelist who goes out alone and holds single church meetings. He certainly maintained this reputation in Petersburg.

This was the first meeting held by Gypsy Simon Smith in the South, but his winsome personality, his simple gospel stories and sweet gospel songs gained the admiration of practically all who heard him, and have served already to open the doors for many other invitations. Rev. J. E. Hemphill, D. D.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

The First Church of Lexington, Kentucky, has just closed one of the greatest meetings ever held in this city. During this meeting we literally turned hundreds away. Every Sabbath we turned as many as 2,000 away morning and evening. It took the police to control our traffic at times. Of course, we did extensive advertising which always counts in getting a crowd. Many signed decision cards and hundreds professed reconsecration.

Gypsy Simon Smith is always sane, always conservative and without a single objectionable method. I most heartily recommend him—you will be most fortunate to get him. —Rev. Bunyon McLeod, D. D.

REVIVAL AT FRANKLIN, NEW YORK

The Rev. S. Sergeant, who has served the Methodist Episcopal church at Franklin, New York for the past nine years, reports: "The two weeks meetings conducted by Gypsy Simon Smith were the most successful ever known in this town. The church and school room were crowded, people came long before the appointed time, and even crowded the vestibule. Seventy-five young men and women came and knelt at the altar and surrendered their lives to God. Even at the Sunday morning service, six young men came out to the altar. The evangelist's quiet scriptural methods appealed to all, and his singing as well as preaching reached our hearts. We hope to have the gypsy again."

RECORD CROWDS HEAR GYPSY EVANGELIST

Wilkes-Barre, Penna.

The crowds and interest in the special two weeks' services at the Presbyterian church conducted by Gypsy Simon Smith, evangelist, are growing day by day, and soon the "standing room only" sign will be on view.

Gypsy Simon Smith is one of the celebrated Gypsy Smith family. There are two evangelists today of that tribe who were actually raised in a gypsy camp. The man here is one, and the other is Gypsy Rodney Smith. These were both raised in the forest which Robin Hood used to frequent. Gypsy Simon Smith became a wandering horseman, he saw the rough side of life in Texas and Mexico thirty years ago. He has crossed the ocean 43 times. He became a missionary in the slums of London, and then an evangelist. His methods are quiet, but original. The crowds grow, but not because of any second rate circus stunts, or cheap, sensational buffoonery. He does not mimic others. He just talks. But those talks are saturated with incidents from his own varied experience. He relates stories but there is always something back of the story. Even the young, once started, will not miss a service. His talks are interesting, amusing, constructive and inspiring. The buildings are always crowded. He uses every legitimate means to get people to make a decision.

REV. A. ACKLEY.

Gipsy Simon Smith's

Famous Lecture

"From Gipsy Camp to Pulpit"

Never fails to pack the largest building

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Chautauquas have had 3,000 pay for admission for one lecture

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It has thrilled multitudes

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The Gipsy will also sing his own songs

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OUT OF THE DEPTHS

Gipsy Simon Smith — E. B. Johnson

Out of the depths of my anguish and sorrow,
To Thee dear Savior I stretch out my hands,
Help me to banish the dread of tomorrow,
Lift Thou my footsteps from life's sinking sands.

CHORUS—
Heavenly guide, walk by my side,
No more would I journey alone;
Shepherd divine, I would be Thine,
Help Thou, dear Savior, Thy wandering one.

Oft have I strayed from the side of the shepherd,
Lured into paths that are tins'led and bright,
Oft has my spirit with doubtings been fettered,
Turn Thou my darkness, dear Lord, into light.

Out of the wreckage of many years wasted.
As master potter remoulding the clay,
Take me and use me as one recreated,
Fit for Thy service and worthy alway.

THE PRINCE OF PEACE

Gipsy Simon Smith — W. A. Smith

Amid the toils and cares of life.
Amid the turmoil and the strife,
A voice I hear that whispers peace
And bids me from all worries cease.

CHORUS
He giveth peace, my Lord so dear
The shadows flee when He is near.
To praise His name I ne'er will cease,
He is my all, "The Prince of Peace."

Sometimes when troubled and oppressed,
When bitter tears my eyes doth fill,
When sad and lone and sore distressed
I hear Him saying, "Peace be still."

And as I learn to trust Him more,
Oh may my love for Him increase,
Until upon that heavenly shore,
I see my Lord "The Prince of Peace."

Music of above solos can be supplied.

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